JOHN BULL, issue ending APRIL 4, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1868

3D EVERY THURSDAY

THIS YEAR OF DESTINY By the EDITOR

RENT RACKET: NEW SCANDAL

HERE'S THE VITAL FRONT By A.G.G.

RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder
6 oz. packet 3½d.—1 coupon
12 oz. packet 7d.—2 coupons
(Weight is nett when manufactured)

LESS-WATER WASHING METHOD MAKES RINSO GO FARTHER

DON'T worry even though rationing means you have to do with less Rinso than you'd like. You can still have the best line of washing in the street!

Rinso does such a wonderful job that even if you have only enough suds just to cover the clothes it will get the things clean. But keep the clothes well pressed down. Use only a little water and you'll need only a little Rinso. It's marvellous what a big wash you can do in a small amount of suds when you use Rinso.

Here's how to do your wash with the less-water Rinso method!

Make a good lather with water straight from the hot tap and let your whites soak in it for 12 minutes. (Remember, the suds should only just cover the clothes.) Then take the whites out and give your coloureds a 12-minute soak *in the same suds*. This way you can save as much as one-third of the Rinso you normally use and your clothes will look grand. Of course, Rinso will do *all* your washing—and the washing-up, too.

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

B 3143-424 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

Sir Henry Price answers the Housewife

Interview between Sir Henry Price and a Housewife.

Housewife : I want to keep my man and myself well-clothed, Sir Henry and I want to do it as cheaply as possible — provided of course that I get the value.

Sir Henry : **That is what we try to give you now, as always — VALUE. And our prices are the lowest at which value can be bought.**

Housewife : Of course with only a certain number of coupons to cover everything, it is important that what we get for them is really good; clothes must wear well and look well for a long time. My husband and I have been very pleased with the clothes we've bought from you in the past. What I want to know now is, are you able to keep it up in these war days?

Sir Henry : **I can reassure you on that point. Although there's a war on, we've got to keep up our reputation for cloth and tailoring, and our staff is trained to produce the highest value at the lowest cost. That's why Rational Tailoring is in a position to do a specially valuable service to people like you in these difficult times.**

Take your Clothing Coupons to—

The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

Props. : Prices Tailors Ltd.

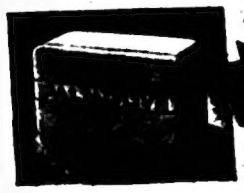
OVER 350 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

BEAUTY *answers the call . . .*

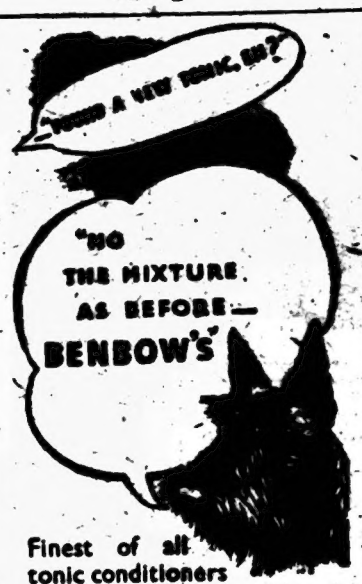
But . . . driving a lorry won't spoil that

Schoolgirl Complexion

Your war work may be arduous and strange. But the way to keep looking lovely is easy and familiar. A daily bath with Palmolive will give you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe. For you will find that its rich, velvety, olive oil lather soothes as it cleanses and beautifies — keeps you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.



New National Standard Size 3½d. Including Tax. *Some shops may still have stocks of the old size at 6d.*



Finest of all tonic conditioners for dogs of all breeds, all ages, is Benbow's—never more needed than to-day. Given once or twice a week it will keep your dog fit and well and will add to his war-time diet the vitamins essential to his health.

Leading kennels all over the world have used Benbow's for 106 years.

At Chemists and Corn Merchants.

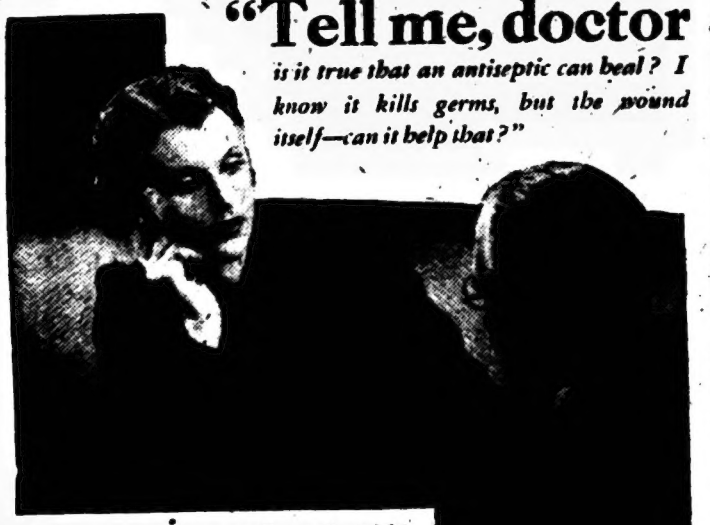
Useful leaflet—"Feeding your Dog in War-time"—post free on request to:

Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., (Dept. J.B.)
26, Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, Kent.

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

"Tell me, doctor

is it true that an antiseptic can heal? I know it kills germs, but the wound itself—can it help that?"



Wounds heal naturally and quickly if they are kept clean and free from the germs of septic infection. To keep wounds in a healthy condition for safe and rapid healing, surgeons everywhere use 'Dettol'.

This ruthless destroyer of germs – three times more efficient than pure carbolic acid – is so kind to tender human tissue that natural healing is effected in the shortest possible time. How easy, then, for you and how wise to learn from the hospital. Have 'Dettol' always in your home. Use it promptly and freely whenever infection threatens. Ask your doctor. He knows all about 'Dettol'.

DETTOL TRADE MARK

FROM ALL CHEMISTS THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

For a quick, safe remedy there is nothing like 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Give a dose at bedtime. In the morning the bowels will act; gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. Doctors and nurses recommend this liquid laxative. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere.

To relieve skin irritations

The instant Cuticura brand Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stop. Its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clean healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unbeatable.

Cuticura OINTMENT

THIS WEEK'S FOOD FACTS

War-work and Home-work

When you come home tired and cold after a long day's work, there's nothing so cheering for you as soup. Thick soup is nourishing, a meal in itself. Soup is very easy to digest, an important point when you are tired. And if you keep a soup-pot handy on the stove, soup is as easy to make as A B C. Look after your soup-pot and then make one of these delicious soups for the evening.

CREAM OF PARSNIP SOUP
(for 6 people)

Time: Preparation 7-8 minutes, cooking 25-30 minutes. *Ingredients:* ½ leek, 1-1½ lbs. parsnips, 3 pints of stock or water, 3 teaspoonfuls of salt, pepper, 2 ozs. flour, ½ pint of "household" milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley. *Method:* Put stock or water on to boil while shredding the parsnips. When boiling add shredded parsnips and leek. Boil for 20 mins., season, add blended flour and milk and simmer for 3-5 mins. stirring all the time. Served with chopped parsley.

QUICK SOUP
(for 6 people)

Time: Preparation 10 minutes, cooking 20 minutes. *Ingredients:* 1 lb. mixed vegetables, 1 tablespoonful "household" milk, 2 tablespoonfuls wholemeal flour, 4 breakfastcups of stock or water, 1-1½ teaspoonfuls salt, pepper, chopped parsley, or watercress or sliced cabbage. *Method:* Put 3 breakfastcups of stock or water on to boil, then wash and grate or shred the vegetables. Add salt and vegetables to stock and cook till tender, season. Blend flour and "household" milk with 1 breakfastcup of water and pour on to the soup, stir and cook for 3-5 mins. Serve with chopped parsley, watercress or cabbage.

FORWARD THE SOUP-POT

If you use stock for the basis of your soups they will be all the better for it, more nourishing, more tasty. The soup-pot need not use up hours of fuel. Put your root vegetables (all except turnips), bacon rinds, etc., into a large pot with plenty of water. Cook slowly for ½ hour. Boil vigorously for a minute or two then put straight into the hay box or into the oven when the baking is done to use up the last of the heat. The soup-pot should be brought to the boil every day. Green vegetables and outside leaves may be added to the stock if it is to be used at once. Don't disturb the fat on top of the stock for this preserves the flavour, but remove before use. When you want to make a soup you just take some of this stock add what flavourings or vegetables you fancy as in the recipes alongside and in a very short time your soup will be ready.

"I used to think one didn't oughter Make a soup from vegetable water. But this, my dear—this IS a snorter!"

FOOD FACTS No. 88. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

The Petty Officer SWEARS by KOLYNOS! of course

'Rise and Shine! Rise and Shine!' The Petty Officer is calling the hands. (What the hands are calling the P.O. doesn't matter!) To this time-honoured reveille generations of A.B.'s have tumbled out, performed their ablutions and cleaned their teeth—with KOLYNOS. It's a way they have in the Navy which might well be emulated. So start the day by rising and shining with Kolynos, the tooth paste which keeps the whole mouth clean and fresh.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 4, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

WASTE MUST STOP

● Because shaving soap isn't rationed, women are buying as much of it as they can for use as toilet soap.

That is one loophole in the rationing scheme. There are others.

They result in gigantic waste of raw materials. So does the present salvage system.

Millions of used razor-blades are thrown away every day.

JOHN BULL would prohibit the sale of new blades to anyone who did not surrender an equivalent number of used blades to his shop-keeper.

The same principle could be applied to many other articles. Collection of salvage from shops would be easier than door-to-door collection.

Hundreds of thousands of zinc tubes are never recovered by the present system.

Why not make the purchase of a new tube of toothpaste or shaving cream dependent on the return of an empty one?

The same principle should apply to cigarette packets. To jars and bottles and, indeed, to nearly every other type of container.

We commend it to the attention of the Board of Trade.

Straight from the Shoulder

TO THE ATTACK!

IT will be a hopeful Easter.

The United Nations are shaping their plans. They are deploying their forces in depth across the World Front. The gaps in their organisation are being closed.

Above all, the basis of their broad strategy is no longer time-gaining defence but attack.

MacArthur Speaks

From two opposite sides of the world we derive fresh hope.

General MacArthur is making the Island Continent into a vast spring-board for an offensive. No less encouraging are his frank and confident words.

Telling the People

He underlines all that JOHN BULL has strived for in his statement, "In the Democracies it is essential that people should know the truth."

Withhold the truth, morale will suffer. Prevent criticism, war production will fail.

Listen, Mr. Morrison!

Censorship helped to destroy France. The ban on news has helped the Japs to help themselves to Burma. Suppression of criticism here would be an immense aid to Hitler.

Mr. Herbert Morrison should find profit in the wise words of MacArthur.

Change of Front

Here in Britain, Lyttelton is as big a tonic as MacArthur has been "down under." We like his forthright style.

He does not resent constructive criticism. He proves that he has studied such criticism as appears in JOHN BULL. And he is consequently making wide changes in the organisation of our war production.

That is hopeful not only in a material way. It is hopeful in foreshadowing a change of mind in the Cabinet's attitude to the war.

The Attack Begins

Lyttelton is planning for attack. He begins by attacking the defects that would slow down his plans.

He sets up a General Staff of production experts. He is intent on co-ordinating all industrial efforts. He will not allow men or machines to be idle.

There is the justification for a long campaign waged in these columns.

Contract Bridge

Contracts have not been placed far enough ahead. So there have been gaps between the orders given to factories.

Lyttelton promises to build a bridge between war contracts. To do so, he will have to curb the Treasury's pettifogging delays in approving those contracts.

Working for Hitler

He will also have to reduce the minor changes in design that holds up production and keeps machines idle.

Idle machines work for Hitler.

Nearer Victory

Mr. Bevin, too, is cautiously hopeful. He has hopes that, by prudent economy, he will find just as much labour as he needs for industry and the Forces.

He adds: "I hope that this year it will be possible to bring the whole of the Allied weight to bear upon the enemy and so bring nearer a final victorious conclusion."

M. Maisky, who rightly urges us to make 1942 the year of decision, will find assurance in those words. So will the British public, which is as eager as he for action.

Spare-Time Labour

To justify Mr. Bevin's hopes, more use must be made of spare-time labour.

Soviet youth is organising field work. British youth could do as much if given encouragement.

More Food

Holidays are curtailed, travel is restricted. But lads could be healthily, usefully employed helping farmers or cultivating waste land and allotments.

In some districts, youth organisations are already organising on these lines. Others should follow.

No Hitlerism

But the different organisations — Scouts, Church societies, and so on—should not lose their identity.

We don't want a replica of the Hitler Youth movement here. Nor is it necessary.

Holidays for All

But there is need for a national holiday policy.

Mr. Bevin has laid down one week's summer break for munition workers. There should be similar treatment all round.

Why should war workers get only one week while others less usefully employed can enjoy their normal peace-time holidays?

Payment or token payment in lieu of full holidays might prove a remedy.

Fighting Fit

When every man and woman are employed to the maximum, when our production is made even greater than it now is, what then?

The weapons we produce must be used. The attack must begin.

Meanwhile, it must be made certain that our Fighting Forces are completely ready to attack.

Sky Mastery

The R.A.F. is ready. That has been proved time and again.

It deserves every additional 'plane that can be built. It should be allowed to exert its maximum strength.

It must operate particularly where it can gain the greatest advantage—over areas where our land and sea forces cannot possibly predominate.

Wavell's Policy

Wavell shares this view. He says, "In narrow waters, the nation that controls the sky automatically controls the sea, too. She can make the enemy navy powerless by the use of bombers and fighters operating from the land."

That goes not only for the Far East but for the English Channel.

Co-operate!

He adds, "Air superiority alone will allow us to check the enemy threat and retake the initiative on land."

To retake the initiative, there must also be the most complete co-ordination of land and air forces.

Much has been done to improve the co-operation between Army and R.A.F. It must be perfected.

Disbelieved

In particular, military Intelligence officers must pay closer attention to air reconnaissance

The R.A.F. should be the Army's eyes as well as its advance arm.

It happened in Libya that airmen who reported a strong concentration of enemy tanks in a certain area were not believed by military Intelligence. Not until they photographed the tanks did military action follow.

That must not happen again.

Spit-and-Polish

There is nothing wrong with the Army as a whole. But, during the next few months, it should forget spit-and-polish and concentrate on absolute mastery of its weapons.

The War Office is as anxious as any private that this should be done. Unfortunately, some commanding officers remain old-fashioned.

So we still hear of men having to scrape off the paint from the lids of boot polish tins, and polishing the studs in the soles of their boots.

The War Office must ensure that its new policy is more speedily and strongly enforced.

Arms First

Cut ceremonial. Let the arms instructor rule the barrack square!

And *use* the weapons for training. Never mind the minor waste of ammunition.

Practice, not theory, makes perfection.

Guarantee

To be confident of victory is not enough. Otherwise the French Army would not have been routed by a few German divisions.

Guarantee of victory lies in the most complete preparations for assault.

"This time there must be no hitch," the German newspapers are saying. The United Nations have the superior resources to do more than cause hitches in the expected Nazi offensive.

Up to Us

We have the means to take the offensive ourselves; we have the weight to ensure that it will be decisive.

To launch it, the most complete preparation must be made both in industry and the Fighting Forces. Nor is it less essential that there should be preparation in every home—by spending as little and saving as much as possible.

(Continued overleaf)

HOLDING UP THE SHIPS

● Are shipwrights really pulling their weight in the war effort? Most of them, yes. Some are not allowed to do so.

One assures us that, given better management, output at his yard could be doubled.

A new radial drill was delivered last October. It has not yet been used. Four weeks ago a new lathe arrived. It has not yet been installed in the workshop.

Last week, a large power hammer was delivered. A building suitable for it has yet to be built.

In another shipyard, a boiler-plater reports to us, he and his labourer are taken away to build private air raid shelters for the officials.

Yet posters in the yard warn them to "Remember Hong Kong!"

In a naval yard, half the men are idle.

A man employed by a firm making small naval craft has had little to do for months—except making model aircraft for sale!

M.P.s, please note.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MR. HUDSON rightly warns us that greater efforts must be made to raise food this year than ever before.

He won't be pleased to hear that seventy tons of *good* potatoes are being loaded into railway trucks at a Wiltshire station—for cattle food.

Rotten Oranges

He wouldn't have been pleased to see, a few days ago, loads of rotten oranges thrown into a Westminster dust-lorry from a food warehouse almost opposite JOHN BULL'S offices.

Passers-by, who couldn't buy oranges for their families, were outspoken in their anger.

New and Better

In fact, food is still being wasted on a prodigal scale. A new and better organised "Save Food" campaign is urgently necessary.

It should synchronise with a "Kill the Rats" battle.

Cut This Bill

Rats cause damage to the value of at least £60,000,000 a year. Think of that in relation to shipping space—and seamen's lives!

An annual Rat Week is as inadequate as a Home Guard's pike. Every week should be a Rat Week; Mr. Hudson should begin a real "war of extermination."

Higher Wages

Less has been heard lately about the demand of women war workers for "equal pay with men for equal work."

A pity. JOHN BULL believes that an organised approach to the Government would be received sympathetically by Mr. Bevin.

No Dissipation

Mr. Lyttelton promises that the nation's sacrifices will not be dissipated in inefficiency and idleness.

So we shall expect a change in an aircraft establishment where toys are made for the general foreman, who has two walking foremen and seven gangers to help him supervise forty men.

Money for Nothing

We hope for an improvement in a factory where girls say they receive 70s. a week for eking out the time by doing work twice over, and where a night worker says she does nothing from 10 p.m. till 4 a.m.

We even hope that work will be found for factory girls who can take time off to go to weddings or the cinema.

Just Forgotten

And, who knows? we may receive an explanation why splendid American machines are still lying in their crates in a factory to which they were sent more than seven months ago.

Indeed, we might hear of a rumpus at an aerodrome under construction where lorries are sent long distances to fetch a few hundred cigarettes for the officials, and the transport manager uses a 27 h.p. lorry (ten miles to the gallon) to take him to his home twenty miles away.

We're Willing

If Mr. Lyttelton or any other Minister would like fuller particulars of these cases, JOHN BULL will supply them.

They are not typical of the nation's war effort—an effort without parallel in our history. But they make that effort less vigorous than it need be.

Benefits Denied

Mr. Brown, Minister of Health, should smooth out a nasty bump in the National Health Insurance scheme.

It rankles with women part-time war workers that, though they pay the same contributions as full-timers, their benefits are severely restricted because they are denied membership of approved societies.

Mad-Hatter Methods

Here are two examples of official bungling, full details of which we have passed to the Air Ministry.

Birmingham man with a crippled arm was called up, contracted preumonia which resulted in heart trouble, spent a year in hospital and is now to be discharged.

Instead of being allowed to return his kit after discharge, he has been sent home at a cost of 39s. to get his civilian clothes, must return to camp to leave his kit and then return home.

What a waste of transport!

The Crazy Limit

Here's more waste:

Four young aero engine fitters, employed as civilians at an R.A.F. unit, were called up.

But they have been refused admission to the R.A.F. They are to go into the Army.

On Parade

Sir James Grigg, the War Minister, is determined that there shall be no waste of time in the Army.

Then let him visit a famous depôt near London.

Every Friday morning, kit inspection for three or four thousand men lasts some three hours.

Every Saturday morning, two thousand troops rehearse Church parade for three hours. Sunday morning sees them doing the same thing, plus a band.

Strange Selection

Sir James' selection boards should go into action in that same depôt.

Well, an ex-bus driver is made a room orderly, while an ex-chef is sent on a driving course. An ex-labourer runs an office; a former Civil Service clerical officer supervises a plate-washing fatigue.

Postman's Knock

Army "posting" system might well be simplified. See what happens:

Men pass their tests and are due for posting to a unit. They spend two days' spare time in blancoing equipment, gaiters, respirator and so on.

On Wednesday comes an inspection by the colonel, two majors, one captain, sergeant-major, two sergeants, four corporals.

The men are then marched 300 yards to the holding company in the same unit, where they are again inspected.

So It Goes On

Any of these men may now be posted to working units, some in a day, some in a month. Before they go, the same procedure is followed.

But couldn't they keep of smart appearance without quite so much fussiness?

Long Wait

Reader, physically fit except for lack of one eye, passed his "medical" last May and was recommended for the R.A.O.C.

That was wise, for he can use any machine tool and knows a good deal about engines.

Granted three months' deferment, he engaged two people to run his small electrical business and waited for call-up. It has never come, and the employment exchange cannot give him war-work just in case it should arrive one day!

Case Dismissed

Here's another odd story.

Man helping to make Wellington bombers was charged with receiving stolen goods.

The charge had nothing to do with his firm, but he was dismissed at an hour's notice.

The police case was also dismissed, yet he cannot obtain reinstatement with his firm and has lost the house it allowed him to occupy.

His only remedy, apparently, is to sue for wrongful dismissal.

Vegetable Racket

Former official of the Ministry of Food is protesting against the high prices of fruit and vegetables.

Not so loudly as the housewife!

She wants vegetables to keep her family fit. But she is expected to pay a shilling for a cauliflower and 4s. 6d. for a cucumber.

Who makes the big profits?

Vested Interests

Answer, according to the growers: the middlemen. They allege that the fruit and vegetable departments of the Ministry of Food are staffed by interests of the trade.

If that is the wrong explanation, perhaps officialdom will supply the right one.

Certainly the Black Market has no greater enemy than Lord Woolton. We hope he will now intervene decisively in the open market.

It's A Ramp

Here's another ramp that hits many country dwellers who have neither gas nor electricity:

Before the war, they could buy a chimney glass for their paraffin lamp for 5d. Now the price has risen to 2s. 6d.

Nothing but an extension of price-control to every article will stop such gross profiteering.

Old-Fashioned

By way of light relief, let us ask why so many council dustcarts still exhort us to "Burn your rubbish and reduce your waste."

It wouldn't matter if war had changed the views of *every* council about salvage.

Bumbledom

Quick remedy must be found for disgraces reported by a Nottingham councillor:

Hostel for evacuated children has no floor covering. In another, the matron has to wash in a pudding basin. Expectant mothers sit on old, rickety chairs. Staff overworked.

Are there no inspectors to insist on improvements?

Behind the News

● **Hitler has suffered complete defeat by his generals. To launch a Spring offensive he has been forced to reinstate all the leading officers he had dismissed.**

● *Partly to spite them, he has created a second army, the Party Troops. They will not only fight the enemies of Germany but prepare to struggle against the regular German army.*

● Luftwaffe losses in Russia and the Mediterranean during recent months have outstripped production.

● **This has caused further reduction in training of Nazi pilots, and doubling in crashes due to inexperience.**

● *Flight of wealthy Germans to Austria since renewal of R.A.F. raids has caused fatal riots near Vienna, where half a million people have been ordered to provide accommodation.*

● Since Vatican newspaper defied Mussolini's ban on publishing Allied communiqués, its circulation has increased fourfold. Even Fascist police no longer arrest Italians suspected of reading it.

● **Though Boris wants his people to fight Turkey, not Russia, Bulgarians don't want to fight at all, and threaten trouble unless they get more food.**

● *Hungary, Rumania and Croatia are all trying to double-cross each other besides playing Italy off against Germany.*

● Japs have suddenly speeded-up A.R.P. Every civilian has been conscripted, people told to remove valuables to the country.

● **Hitler's confidant, Weideman, now in Tientsin, is urging Japs to make peace with Chiang Kai-shek and attack Russia. In vain, so far.**

● *Yet the Nazis pretend alarm at Japanese progress and are about to revive old hate campaign against "Yellow Peril," ready in case they have to start a peace offensive to save them from defeat.*

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

THIS YEAR OF DESTINY

It is no longer possible to doubt that the world conflict has entered its decisive phase. We have all been warned that this is our year of destiny, but how many of us are facing the tremendous implications of this *fact*?

Fact it is and not guesswork. During the coming months Hitler is bound to make his supreme and final bid for world dominion.

Premier Stalin has accepted Hitler's challenge with confidence. If we play our part, he says, Germany will be defeated before the end of 1942.

M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador here, has echoed this statement, with emphasis on that solitary, dangerous "if."

"There is no time to wait until the last button is sewn to the uniform of the last soldier," he said. "The whole work of the Allied General Staffs must be imbued with one thought, one idea —1942 and not 1943."

John Bull has faith in Russia. We believe that the Red Armies can now withstand the maximum assault of their enemies.

Yet we tell you that if we were content to let Russia win her own war against Germany, we should not necessarily share in her victory; we should certainly lose the peace, and we should deserve relegation to the lowliest division of the World Powers.

Britain and America are doing right to prepare for gigantic campaigns in 1943, in 1944, and even in 1945, but they would be doing wrong to exclude the possibility of victory this year.

They do not exclude it. The very immensity of their forward planning is based upon maximum output and maximum effort now.

For though we might be prepared to wait, Hitler is not. He has no choice. He cannot hold Germany together—let alone hold a Continent in subjection—for another indecisive winter.

Russia is taking too heavy a toll of Germany's fighting strength. As she announced in a recent and deadly propaganda broadcast, she has killed, wounded or taken prisoner one German soldier in every two seconds since the Nazis first attacked her more than nine months ago!

No nation can stand such losses indefinitely. No dictator can retain his power over a people that becomes aware of such appalling casualties without the prospect of victory in the immediate future.

That is why Hitler has had to promise his people that victory and why he *must* attempt to gain it within the next few months.

He has survived the vain boasts he made at the outset of his disastrous treachery against the Soviets, but he cannot survive *this* boast without new and resounding victories in 1942.

For he has chosen to assume supreme command of his armies in the field. Henceforth, the responsibility is his, and his alone.

Were he to hold his positions in Russia all through the year; were he to regain much of the ground he has recently lost, and even to press forward a little against a still unbroken front; he would still be doomed.

His position is desperate. Though he holds two-thirds of Europe under his rule, he is himself a prisoner in a ring of steel. He must break through or perish. He must win oil or lose everything.

But desperate men seek desperate remedies. Already Hitler has imported into Germany a labour army of some four million slaves from other countries, occupied, dominated or "allied."

He is drawing upon the last reserves of German military power. He is stripping his factories bare of all fit men of military age. He is putting boys and men over forty into uniform and rushing their training for front-line service.

The measure of his desperation is the measure of our danger. *And* of our opportunity!

John Bull looks forward, not with dismay, but with great and increasing hope to the outcome of this year's titanic conflicts.

We are certain that Mr. Churchill and the War Cabinet are as much alive to our strategic opportunities as their critics can be. We do not think that any so-called military expert needs to point out to them the desirability of opening up a second front.

Make no doubt of it: Great Britain and the United States will this year attempt all that courage and common-sense permit. Short of foolhardiness, they will take any risk rather than the risk of failing Russia.

But what of us? What of the millions of ordinary men and women who *are* Britain and America; the people who are fighting this people's war and without whom no Government can achieve anything at all?

We believe in our own people. We have complete faith in the British worker and British workmanship.

We know that in a civilian army numbering many millions there must be a tiny minority of slackers and shirkers and a few greedy scoundrels.

But the time has come to inspire the public instead of pleading with it, warning it, coaxing it, threatening it, and blaming it.

Russian propaganda, both for home and foreign consumption, has astonished the world by its boldness and imaginative appeal to the man and woman in the street.

It attacks rather than defends. It encourages its own people, slaps them on the back and says: "Boy! That's grand work!" It does not think it necessary to remind them they are fighting for their lives. They know that, and Moscow prefers to tell them that they are fighting for victory *this year*.

So are we. Every man and woman in the country know what is expected of him and her. We know about working, digging and saving for victory. We know, as nobody else can, whether we could pull out a little extra effort and find time for greater service.

Our soldiers, who have never had the publicity they deserve or the encouragement they need, are most of them longing for the chance of active service.

And so John Bull would like to hear some of our leaders vary their constant warnings to be on our guard against Germany's next move with reminders that we may and perhaps shall move first.

We should like them to say—as we *are* saying to our readers to-day:

"This is *our* year of destiny. We have 'taken plenty' and we have worked well, but couldn't we do a little better?

"Victory is not enough; we want it soon. And, if we go all out now, we have a grand chance to win it in 1942."

This we believe.

Are we foolish to back the faith of Stalin against the boasts of Adolf Hitler?

Best Bits of Britain at their Worst

A LITTLE while ago I was speaking to an evacuee in the West Country.

"Well," I said, "and how do you like it here?"

And she said: "Not at all! I'll be glad when the war's over and I can get back home. I'm fed up with the Golden West!"

The other week I was speaking to a Tommy stationed in an East Coast resort.

"Well," I said, "and how do you like it here?"

"It's ghastly!" he answered. "I've never seen such a dump! Once let me get out of it and you'll never see me in these parts again."

* * *

And the other night I was speaking to a bunch of Canadian soldiers in town.

"And how do you like London?" I asked.

"Lousy!" said one.

"Most overrated place I've ever struck," said another.

"Can't see what it is that people rave about," said a third.

Now here, unnoticed by nearly everybody, is a minor spot of trouble storing up for the future.

Some hundreds of thousands of Britons are learning to hate the best bits of Britain.

The reason is clear enough. They are seeing the best bits of Britain at their very worst for the first time. They are looking at the shop when it is empty. They are seeing the instruments when the band is not playing.

* * *

The West Country is not merely a piece of land. It is, in peace time, all kinds of things, including Cornish farmhouse teas and Devonshire cream. And there are no farmhouse teas in Cornwall now. There is no Devonshire cream in Devon.

There are no bands on that East Coast promenade to-night. Only grass. There are no concert parties beside the sea, no coloured lights, no trips in the *Moss Rose*. Only silence.

As for London, there are no night lights in Piccadilly, no fun of the fair on Hampstead Heath, no Lord Mayor's Show, no Derby Day, no Boat Race Night, no gatherings round St. Paul's on the last midnight of the year.

It is not fair to all these places that they should be seen now *for the first time*.

After the war, when the posters and the publicity begin again, queer things will happen.

"The Glorious West?" Mrs. Evacuee will say, with a shrug. "Not for me! I was there during the war! It's awful!"

"Holidays on the East Coast?" Tommy will say. "Not at any price! I was there during the war! It's ghastly!"

And when Master Canada, aged seven, says: "Pop, I'm learning about London at school. Couldn't we have a holiday there?" Mr. Canada is pretty sure to reply: "London? Never again, son! London's punk! I was there during the war!"

* * *

No, it's not fair to these wonderful places that they should be seen now for the first time. Yet they *are* being seen now for the first time by hundreds of thousands of people. And something will have to be done about it one day.

What?

I don't know the answer myself. But somebody will have to find one very soon.

WILL SCOTT.

Open Letters

Lord DAWSON OF PENN, Physician to the King

MY LORD,—A State medical service for everyone has always been one of my aims. I shall not have to demand it much longer.

You and other leaders of the profession are agreed that reform must come. The opposition of a part of Harley Street is fading into resigned silence. Ordinary doctors among my friends all regard a drastic change as inevitable.

What form will it take? Your suggestion seems the easiest and best.

The family doctor should be the basis of the new scheme. Gradually he would become a full-time worker for the State.

He would be backed by health centres and selected hospitals in every region into which the country will be divided.

That would be better than conscripting all doctors into clinics, where they would have to specialise.

It would be infinitely better than the present system of making the poor rely on the charity of impoverished hospitals. It would keep the "human contact" between doctor and patient.

And it would be the best guarantee of a healthier and happier people.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. KENNETH C. SCOTT, Balham Hill, London, S.W.

DEAR VICAR,—**You have every right to urge your congregation to "direct towards the Japanese their love and their prayers."**

You have no right to doubt the evidence of the Japanese atrocities in Hong Kong unless you can produce proof that the British Government has lied to the world.

Beware lest your love for our enemies leads you to disparage our own people!—JOHN BULL.

Sir DOUGLAS McGRAITH, North Midland Price Committee

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—The public is still being fleeced. It will continue to be fleeced unless, as you urge, prices as well as profits are limited by law.

Maximum prices should be fixed for all goods at every stage from manufacturer to consumer. The ramp in second-hand articles must also be stamped out by controlled prices.

I have hope that this will be done. Even the dimwits of Whitehall are beginning to see the red light.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS, L.M.S. Railway

GENTLEMEN,—**It seems I might as well write to a brick wall.**

No improvement has followed my protest against conditions in your ships on the service to Northern Ireland.

Not enough seats are available for the troops herded into the saloons. Supper costs them a day's pay—half-a-crown.

Those men are prepared to fight for you. Give them a fair deal.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. BRENDAN BRACKEN, M.P., Minister of Information

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you are not one of that foolish minority which would like to clap the public in blinkers.

An M.P. objected to a newspaper photograph showing General Percival and his staff marching with white flag and Union Jack to surrender Singapore to the Japanese.

You handled that touchy critic as nonchalantly as you have dealt with others who favour interference with the Press, and thereby showed that you deserve the full confidence of the public.—JOHN BULL.

PARKS COMMITTEE, London County Council

GENTLEMEN,—**Why have only two plots in Kennington Park been marked out for allotments?**

There has been a waiting list for two years. There is room for at least a hundred plots without encroaching on flower-beds or lawns—and even these should be growing vegetables in this most crucial of all years.

Such apathy is in unpleasant contrast with the public's needs.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman A. L. d'ESPINY, Chairman, Torquay Food Control

DEAR ALDERMAN,—**Your indignation deserves a better cause.**

I don't believe private caterers will suffer because another British Restaurant is to be opened in your rich town. Nor do I see any reason why poor folk should be robbed of the chance of getting a good meal cheaply because of peace time prejudices by private interests.—JOHN BULL.

The SUPERINTENDENT, Portsmouth Dockyard

DEAR SIR,—An odd story that reaches me requires your investigation.

It is said that a chargeman who booked men on Sunday work when they were absent was deprived of his position, but, a few days later, was promoted to overseer grade.

I hope it isn't true.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—A victory for me is your pledge to set up independent pension appeal tribunals after the war, and to make them cover all cases since war's outbreak.

Thus is Justice assured.—JOHN BULL.

Major C. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Parl. Secretary, Ministry of Food

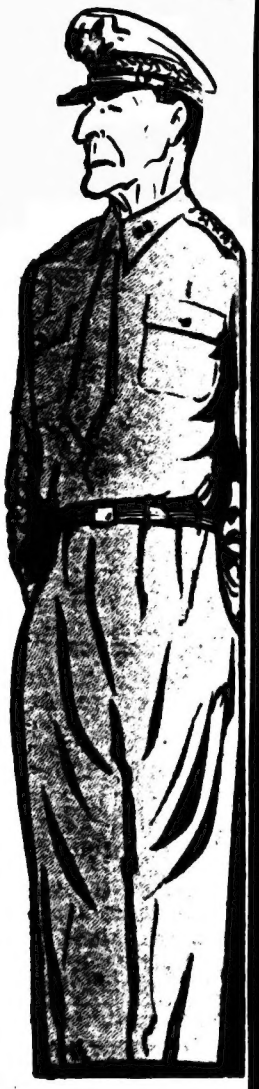
DEAR SIR,—**A war worker finished a job in the West Country and began another in Surrey, working from 5.30 in the morning till 7 at night.**

He sent his brother to the Food Office for his ration books to be transferred to his new address. As usual, the officials refused to do so unless the man attended in person.

For sanity's sake, sack the idiot responsible for such time-wasting, quibbling and vexatious regulations!—JOHN BULL.

Sir J. WARDLAW-MILNE: "When," you ask, "are we going to get a Minister of Attach?" Does it matter so long as we get the attach!—JOHN BULL.

General DOUGLAS MacARTHUR, Supreme Allied Commander, S. Pacific



DEAR GENERAL,—Most of us know what you're doing in Australia. But your silence about the naval forces reported off New Zealand must be worrying the Japanese quite a bit.

Your air force in Australia has already shown fight. You are merging the American and Australian armies into a single Commando force.

But where is the U.S. fleet? What has happened to Australian warships?

Those questions were asked for months. They were partly answered by the magnificent assault last week on Wake and Marcus Islands.

That was just a beginning—by a comparatively small force.

I do not doubt that for a long time past the main forces have also been quietly preparing for action—action that will cut the Japanese ocean lines, action that will be the basis of the offensive you are determined to launch.

"Success in modern war requires something more than courage and willingness to die," you say. "It requires careful preparation."

I am satisfied you are making those preparations.

I am convinced you do not underrate the enemy.

I believe you will not be content to defend the Island Continent, but will make it a springboard for an offensive that will cut the sprawling Japanese empire into pieces.

Though you'll have a tough job to fulfil the hopes you have aroused throughout the United Nations, you like tough jobs. I'm backing you to win.—JOHN BULL.

Life's Grandest Adventure

ARGUE IT OUT
By PaRax

I HAVE just finished reading the manuscript of a book—not yet published—which purports to give an account, through a spirit communicator, of life beyond the grave.

It would seem, if this book be true, that the spiritual worth of the individual in the world beyond is assessed according to the life he or she led on this planet; and that those who had never done any good to anyone on this earth punished themselves in the spirit world.

Here, then, would be a manifestation of Divine justice. Man cannot live to himself alone if he is to achieve that greater, nobler life in other spheres.

That is common-sense, not an expression of faith in any theory or creed.

This book's message came to my mind as I was speculating—somewhat idly—on death. There is nothing morbid in such reflections. Indeed, I find the subject stimulating and exciting.

★ ★ ★

John Keats, writing to his beloved Fanny Brawne, said: "I have two luxuries to brood over in my walks, your loveliness and the hour of my death. Oh, that I could have possession of them both in the same minute."

Few people, I imagine, would regard brooding on death as a luxury. Yet it must be recorded that many people, especially those who have had a zest for life, become patiently resigned to the end.

Such a man was a friend of mine who died recently. The disease which racked him, agonised and tortured his wasted body. And before his mind reeled and broke under the intolerable burden of pain, he said, quietly and courageously, that he knew it was the end.

I don't know what his thoughts were as he faced the great abyss which divides us on this planet from whatever life or oblivion there may be beyond. I don't know whether he had remorse or fear. Nor do I know what visions or fantasies ran through his weakening mind.

★ ★ ★

But if the book I have just read is true, then my friend should be all right.

He cut no great figure on this earth. According to the canons of religion and so-called respectability, he was of little account.

He drank too much on occasions; he never went to church; he told smoke-room stories with a rare relish; he was improvident.

But the good turns he did others were too numerous to record. If he could help anyone he would do so. He had loyalty, too, and his heart was kind.

There was little or no hypocrisy about him—and this in itself was a great virtue.

He gained scanty material reward, though he lived well and took from life all he could get. Yet he didn't forget others.

Behind many an earth-built façade of pomp and respectability, of outward virtue and pride, lies a rottenness of soul and spirit.

★ ★ ★

Those who fool the world by erecting these imposing fronts are the people who will punish themselves.

They are the people who will not brood over death as a luxury. They are the people who might ponder yet never understand the words of Charles Frohman as the torpedoed *Lusitania* was settling to her doom. Said Frohman:

"Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in Life."

★ It is a popular idea that seamen are superstitious. Probably most of them are not, but if they are this queer experience would explain why. It is about a dream that actually came true. Or is it a ghost story?

They Asked a Shark to Dinner!

By COMMODORE PURSSEY PHILLIPS

A TRAMP steamer was standing across the Indian Ocean westbound with a full cargo for England. Her course lay within a few degrees of the Equator.

The weather was steaming hot. Well I remember such weather there on my own trips, when all the energy goes out of a man, leaving him limp and dreamy.

I once had a stoker jump overboard somewhere round those latitudes. It stopped my ship nine minutes, according to my log. When I asked the man why he had done it, he said: "It was so hot in the stokehold, and the water sounded so cool. . . ."

The heat there is like that; it will drive a man mad.

Nights seem as hot as days.

And it was at night that this ship I am telling you about was torpedoed.

No Time for Boats

The tale is dreadfully familiar.

The sudden shattering explosion; the stricken lurch of the vessel in her course, and the sluggish, deadly feeling of her beginning to settle down in the water; the blaring warning of the siren making the night hideous; the hungry clucking of the sea that had seemed so still before, but now pours irresistibly into the ship's vitals; the sudden shouts of newly awakened men knuckling the sleep from their eyes; the ringing of the telegraph, the curt orders from the bridge.

There was no time to lower away the boats.

Before they could be manned, the ship gave a dreadful staggering roll, lay down on her side, turned turtle, and dived with a vast gush of steam and several great gulps of escaping air.

She was gone; and beneath the blazing tropic stars were a few bobbing heads in the turbulent water, an emergency raft that had floated off the deck, and a quantity of pathetic wreckage.

The U-boat that had in a few minutes destroyed this great ship, the work of so many men's hands, did not appear on the surface at all. The men she cast suddenly into the great waters never even saw her.

They swam to the raft. One dripping figure after another clambered aboard it, weighing it perilously down. They had to be quick, for the water there is infested with man-eating sharks.

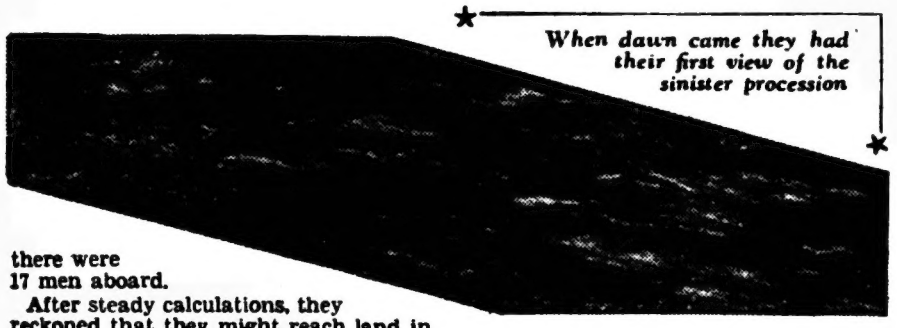
A Crowded Freight

Presently they took stock of what was saved.

Six Europeans of various countries, and eleven Malays, represented the human freight of a raft intended to carry ten or a dozen men at most. They had to keep their places carefully on the slippery wood lest they overset.

Most of them were in rags from the explosion, or in scanty underwear, just as they had jumped from their bunks.

A water canister, fastened on the raft and kept full, had providentially survived the wreck. It was still full. But there were 17 men aboard.



★ *When dawn came they had their first view of the sinister procession* ★

After steady calculations, they reckoned that they might reach land in 35 days; 17 pints of water a week for five weeks would leave about one pint in the canister—for emergencies!

That meant one pint of water per week per head. Have you ever tried, reader, drinking only a pint of liquid *a day?* These men were almost on the Equator, without shelter from the tropical sun, and their ration of drink was less than six tablespoonfuls per day.

There were three tins of biscuit on the raft, the sort of hard tack you give to your dog. That was all the food they had. Then there were some boat axes, some rope they had salvaged from the floating wreckage after their ship sank, and a single blanket from the same source. There were also some oddments of broken wood that someone had picked up from the sea.

These things, the rags they wore, and a metal water-dipper were their sole possessions.

Sarong Becomes Sail

Crowding carefully on the raft, they managed to rig a jury-mast from a salvaged board. On it they rigged the blanket as a sail.

This sail was not successful, so one of the Malays gave his sarong and went naked. This enabled a workable sail to be made and rigged, and with its aid the raft moved sluggishly along at a knot or two towards Africa.

The Indian Ocean is somewhat over 14,000,000 square miles in area, and through it run some of the most powerful stream currents on the globe. The chance of navigating it on an overweighted raft with a sarong jury-sail is not high.

Dawn showed another peril.

A school of sharks was following them with obvious purpose.

Crowded as they were, with each man holding to his neighbour to prevent slipping off, they presented a tempting bait. But this time it was not men hunting fish, but fish hunting men.

Some of the sharks were 7 ft. long.

The men, holding hands, struck at them with the boat axes. Presently a shark received a violent slash, and glided away, staining the sea red with his blood.

The others turned instantly on their backs, their obscene white bellies upwards, and closed round their dying comrade, snapping and tearing.

Having eaten him, they came on again after the raft.

Day after day they pursued, but they did not again swim within reach of the men. They had had enough of that.

The men on the raft tried to cover their baked heads from the sun. They folded their arms over them, put on their heads any remnants of garments they still possessed.

On the fourth day a Malay seaman told the second Mate that his sister had come.

The Mate answered him kindly, and told him to keep in the shade of the others' bodies.

"But my sister is here with us, sir," the seaman repeated.

He did not sound insane. He was quiet and smiling.

"Yes, I know!" the Mate answered.

"You think I dreaming, yes?" the Malay asked. "My sister died three year back. We great flends. She say she walk with us twelve days before I can go back my own land."

A Dreadful Moment

There was silence on the raft, except for the lapping of the water overside and the whisper of the sarong sail.

Sometimes victims become violent and imperil the rest. But this man was quieter than before. He seemed happy.

Only, at times, he would tell the others that his sister was guarding them, that no one would be lost to the sharks, and that, when she had "walked with them" twelve days, they would be taken back to their own countries.

They had other concerns. The biscuits were running low.

One day the Mate took the water-dipper and bent it into the shape of a huge fish-hook. With a bit of board he knocked down a flying-fish from the shoals of these creatures that leapt out of the water and glided over the raft.

He mounted the flying-fish on his improvised hook, tied the hook on a line made of several bits of rope spliced together, and let his bait trail out behind.

Almost at once a 4-ft. shark took it.

Now began a battle.

The men crowded together on the raft had no spare line to play till the shark was exhausted. They were mortally afraid of being tipped into the sea, where other and bigger sharks waited.

The Grimmest Stakes

They clung to the rope, to each other, bracing themselves desperately against the water locker, gripping the edges of the raft.

The sharks and the men were equally hungry. In this fight the winner would eat the loser, the loser go into the belly of the winner. A tug-of-war with the grimmest stakes.

Thrashing, leaping, the great fish was dragged in. Snapping with a frightful clash of teeth at the arms and legs near him, he was met with blows from keen boat-axes. Other sharks glided close in to get anything they could, maddened by the sight of blood staining the sea water.

The men dragged him on board, sawed and hacked through his leathery skin, cut him into big strips, and packed their empty biscuit tins with this coarse, bleeding meat. Then they covered it with salt water to cure the flesh.

In one biscuit tin they made a fire with corks, matchsticks, bits of paper and broken wood. They lighted it with a burning glass.

Over it they roasted bits of shark, and later boiled some. It tasted good, to men who had been starving on crumbs of hard tack.

But it was salt. It made them long to drink.

They had come down to the basic law of Nature: Eat or be eaten, kill or die.

They survived; the shark perished.

Only Twelve Days?

The mad Malay still spoke of his sister who was dead. She was still with them, walking on the water. She assured him that she would only have to guard them twelve days.

Though none believed, they grew intrigued.

There was some excitement on the tenth day and on the eleventh. The Mate pooh-poohed it. The Malay gravely rebuked him, saying that the dead could not lie.

Twelve days almost to the hour after they had been torpedoed they were sailing along beneath a tropic moon when the Malay said: "My sister leave us now. She say her watch over now. Now we are safe."

There was a silence on the raft.

Then someone whispered: "Is that a light to port?"

It *was* a light, far away.

It grew nearer. It showed as a ship's lights, coming directly towards them.

The Mate burned a precious flare.

They waited.

They saw a flare go up from the deck of the ship, now very near. She hove to.

Ten minutes later they were all aboard her.

What was it the Malay saw? A dream? A vision?

I do not care to say. . . .

Another Thrilling Episode Next Week

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ARE YOU SAVING ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER?

HERE'S THE VITAL FR

Winter is over. The curtain rises on the decisive act. Let us prepare for 1943, but it is what we do now, now in this summer of 1942, that will dictate the end. And Russia is where the issue hangs

Says A. G. GARDINER

ONE thought dominates all minds. It is the idea of attack, of seizing the initiative, of massing all the might of the United Nations, on the sea, in the air, on land, into one co-ordinated blow at the enemy.

And to do it now. 1943 will take care of itself. Now is our hour of fate—"Now's the only bird that lays eggs of gold."

In Napoleon's maxims of war two had special prominence. One was *Speed*. The other was the concentration of the maximum of power on the vulnerable link.

Science has revolutionised war since the days of Napoleon, but the principles remain.

What is the vital link, the solar plexus as it were, of the war? If we know that we know where we have to strike with all our might.

And whenever we strike, in the Atlantic, in the Pacific, in the Mediterranean, in Libya or Norway, the stroke will be designed to have its repercussions on the crucial front.

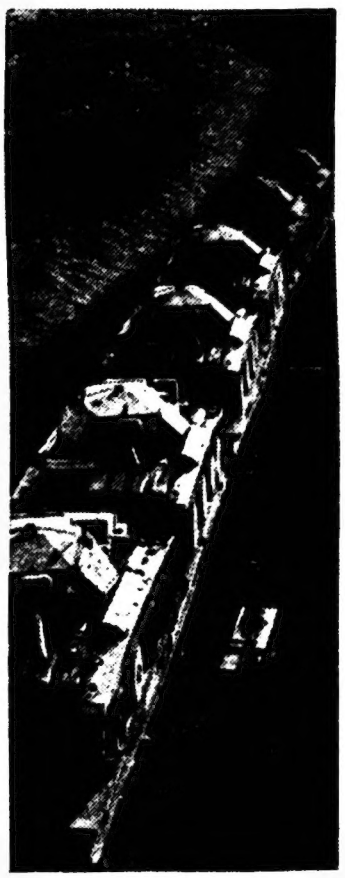
* * *

THAT FRONT, BEYOND QUESTION, IS RUSSIA. IT IS ON THAT TITANIC STRUGGLE THAT THE WHOLE ISSUE HANGS.

For if Germany fails there, the Axis fails everywhere: Japan cannot fight the world alone. But if Germany wins there, the war would be indefinitely prolonged and the result unpredictable.

Hitler cannot let go if he would: he dare not if he could. Even if Germany threw Hitler to the wolves her High Command could only withdraw on terms of surrender that would shake the Axis to bits.

In six weeks' time, therefore, the whole might of Germany will be flung into the attempt to turn the tide and bring Russia to its knees before the winter. For the German army will never face another Russian winter.



British tanks are going to Russia in an ever-increasing flow

The demand of the German High Command is for 3,000,000 more men to replace the gigantic losses in Russia since last June.

Hitler is combing out Germany and all his subject States, Rumania, Italy, Hungary, to meet the demand.

He is finding the task desperately hard—hence the delay of his Spring offensive foreshadowed in his speech.

The flower of his army has perished, he is short of labour, his wretched "allies" are resisting more recruitment for his cannon fodder.

* * *

But the offensive will be, must be, launched. And it will be as formidable as desperation and the German genius for organisation can make it. What the issue will be, who can say?

The Russians have astonished the world, and at the moment their prospects are high.

They held their own in the great retreat. They have all the honours of the winter campaign. The bravery of the men is matched by the skill of the leaders.

But they, too, have lost millions of men and mountains of material. And though they have driven the enemy back, they have not broken his front.

HE IS MUCH NEARER HIS GOAL THAN WHEN HE MADE HIS SUDDEN SPRING LAST JUNE. NOR MUST WE FORGET THE ENORMOUS DISLOCATION OF RUSSIAN INDUSTRY DUE TO THE INVASION.

On balance it looks, as Wellington said of Waterloo, like "a damned near-run thing," though the unconquerable spirit of a people fighting on its own soil and ablaze with the infamies of the enemy should turn the scale.

* * *

But the immediate point is that we must put the turning of the scale beyond question. Stalin is fighting for his own country, but his victory or defeat spell victory or defeat for us also.

Only through him can we hope to make 1942 the decisive year of the war. And it is a decision this year that we should strain every nerve to win.

What have we done? What more can we do? What strategy should we adopt?

These are the questions on all lips. They call for immediate answer and immediate action.

And the first things we have done and that we must do with increasing volume and momentum in the coming weeks? They are not spectacular things that leap to the eye, but they are not less potent on that account.

Who can assess the value of the British Fleet and our mercantile marine to the Russian war machine?

Without that fleet Russia would be isolated from the world. Through it, she has access to all the resources of the Americas.

The White Sea and the Persian Gulf are her ports of entry, and through them she taps the vast production of Britain and the United States.

That supply, much vaster than is popularly recognised, is enabling her to make up the loss due to the destruction of Russian industry.

Meanwhile the blockade is starving her enemy of oil, rubber and all the essentials of war.

Through our seizure of the Middle East and our supremacy in the Mediterranean, we have secured her back door to the Caucasus.

The bombing of the power houses of Germany in the Ruhr, France and the Low Countries is crippling the war potential of the enemy at its source.

The Libya campaign is a cancer in the heel of the enemy and is withdrawing immense resources that would be flung upon the Russian front.

And down in the Pacific the United Nations are fighting Japan and keeping her hands off Russia.

Who can doubt that the moment she felt her position in the Pacific secure she would be at the throat of Russia in the Far East?

It is not Russia's strategy to invite a war on two fronts, but only we and America can keep Japan's hands off.

* * *

THESE ARE IMMENSE SERVICES, OFTEN SHAMEFULLY DEPRECIATED IN THIS COUNTRY. THEY MUST BE CONTINUED AND INTENSIFIED.

But they are not enough. We must do more. We must take great risks to do more.

Open up another major front in the West, is the cry. Would to heaven it were as easily done as said.

But with France in the hands of the enemy and Vichy the slave of that enemy, can any sane person envisage a mighty armada setting out across the Channel to conquer the Continent?

Not a port from the North Cape to the Pyrenees that is not in enemy hands.

Snatched from the

AEROPLANES are life-savers as well as life-takers.

In the Far East recently, bombers and airliners worked overtime and over-load, ferrying to safety hundreds of men, women and children threatened by the horrors of capture by the Japs.

* * *

Greatest air evacuation was the rescue of 800 women and children from Rabaul, in New Britain.

Escorted by Australian warplanes a fleet of big airliners worked a shuttle service for eight days. Unarmed and slow compared with Jap fighters, they ran the gauntlet to Australia.

Smaller local 'planes dropped down at twenty different points to pick up scattered whites and assemble them at Port Moresby, where the big airliners took off for Australia.

Many dangerous landings were made in "holes in the jungle." One British woman was given half an hour to pack by a pilot who landed in a jungle clearing near her isolated home. She had to go, leaving a note for her husband. . . .

From Port M... Douglases took of... 53 aboard—20 children.

Others carried ...

An hour befo... convoy" left, Jap... up in force over ...

But the convoy ...

Hundreds of wo... too, were saved f... Hong Kong by a ... —many with U.S... a continuous shut... on end over Jap-h...

From Java the ... bomber saved ... passengers.

*

Stripped of bom... with extra tanks ... flight to Australi... the Japs only a ... away. Shots ran... off flare-path wa... the plane roared ... head.

One passenger ... Dutch airman, ha...

ONT!

Not a stretch of that vast littoral that is not defended with the thousands of guns seized in the Maginot line.

But though the idea of embarking on a major war in the West in time to influence the offensive in the East is out of the question, it does not mean that nothing on these lines should be done.

If we take risks much might be done.

The experiments with carefully organised raids have been extraordinarily successful. They should be followed up with big and bigger raids. They should strike here and there with increasing force and deeper penetration.

THEY WOULD BECOME A NIGHTMARE TO THE ENEMY. THEY WOULD COMPEL HIM TO REINFORCE HIS FRONT ALONG THE WHOLE THOUSAND MILES OF COAST.

They would breathe new hope and life into the conquered peoples and hasten that internal upheaval which will finally overthrow Hitler and his barbarians.

* * *

It would mean cutting things fine elsewhere. Transport is our bugbear, and many of the ships which spend months in carrying supplies to remote ports would have to be concentrated on these lightning exploits.

But the reward might be dazzling. A succession of raids on the eve of the offensive might help to throw Hitler's war machine out of gear at the critical moment.

This, if coupled with bombing on the scale that is promised, but is not yet reached, should compel such a diversion of force as would relieve the pressure on Russia and turn the scales in her favour.

If this is done and Russia can hold her line and keep Germany out of the Caucasus, 1942 will see the beginning of the end.

For this is Hitler's last big throw for victory. Germany, I repeat, will not face another Russian winter.

...laws of the Enemy

...esby, 21-seater ...ith as many as ...omen and 33

... the last "air ... bombers turned ... airfield. ... through.

...n and children, ...n the horrors of ...et of civil planes ...pilots—who flew ... service for days ... territory.

...st intact Dutch ...ine important

*

... and guns, fitted ... the nine-hour ... took off with ... hundred yards ...ut as the take- ...witched on and ...er the enemy's

... the wife of a ... to travel in the bomb-aimer's cramped compartment. Another was a "key" Dutch officer who, gravely ill, had to stagger from hospital to the airfield.

In Sumatra a party of R.A.F. men, surrounded by Japs, blasted their way along an enemy-held road to a near-by airfield. From here a number of Hudson bombers flew them, by shuttle service, to safety. Each Hudson—normal crew about four or five—carried 20 men.

* * *

During the evacuation of Greece, two flying-boat squadrons alone saved many Greeks and Jugo-Slavs and more than 700 British. Some Sunderlands carried as many as 50 on a single trip.

Scores have been saved from drifting ships' boats by big flying boats of Coastal Command, which have alighted on the turbulent ocean and picked them up.

One Sunderland came down hundreds of miles out in the Atlantic and picked up a whole boatload of 21 survivors who had been adrift for four days, packing them aboard "like herrings in a barrel."

When we drive into Hitler's Camp

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

General Mihailovitch, fighting on from the mountains of Jugoslavia, is a flaming inspiration

WHAT will happen when, as Mr. Roosevelt said, "the coming offensive of the United Nations will drive into the heart of the enemy?"

Every man, every woman in this country is thinking and talking in terms of this attack. Tremendous war materials are being prepared for the great moment. British soldiers, sailors and airmen, paratroops and commandos, fierce Canadian divisions, American forces and the troops of our Allies, the Czechs and the Poles, French, Norwegian and Dutch, are anxiously waiting for the signal.

Though a full-scale invasion may not be possible at present, the Continent, the Nazi-occupied, tortured and enslaved countries of Europe will, sooner or later, be the battlefield.

Hitler's Worry

Turn your eyes for a moment to this battlefield of a modern total war, and you will wonder, as I do, whether the prospect does not rob Hitler of his sleep.

True, in spite of the millions of men he is concentrating for his intended offensive in Russia, he has still a number of well-trained, well-equipped, experienced divisions in the West.

Hitler has bragged that impregnable fortifications have been built to weather the British storm. Half the fighter strength of his Luftwaffe has been retained in the West to meet just this frightening danger. No doubt the Allies will face a formidable task.

But Hitler knows that in total war it needs more than troops and 'planes and fortifications to stop the determined assault when it comes. He knows that he cannot count on the most potent ally—the people in the midst of whom his troops must live and fight.

He has no Home Guard, no citizens' army, without which even the British fortress island would not be confident of repelling invasion, of combating the insidious parachutists, the silent gliders, the hidden spies and the dangerous Fifth Columnists; not to speak of the scattered parties of death-defying commandos.

How can Hitler call on the oppressed people to burn their homes, to carry away the food stores, to destroy everything useful to the British invader?

Imagine the attack beginning. British propaganda broadcasts would accompany the troops into action. French voices would come over the ether to tell the French people that Britain is striking to liberate them.

The Dutch Queen might call on her enslaved but loyal subjects to help the British Army and the Free Dutchmen by their side.

Not many words would be needed to rouse the heroic Norwegians to welcome the enemies of their oppressors.

Is it too optimistic to expect that Frenchmen over whom arrogant German Kommandants ruled for two years will not help the German army of occupation against Britain?

Escape from Slavery

Is it ambitious to assume that Norwegians who have fought, obstructed, attacked — yes, even killed Germans alone, will collaborate with Britain in exterminating them on their own soil?

Cannot the Dutch be relied upon to seize a real chance to escape from slavery?

At best it would be silent apathy that would surround the Germans in the areas of prospective British attack. But Hitler must even expect active hostility from people who have suffered for two years under the whip of his ruthless oppression.

Should he detach large numbers of his thinly spread troops to guard them? Can he, in face of violent attack, evacuate them along the roads which he will sorely need to bring up supplies for his troops? There will be so many of them that he cannot confine, imprison, or even murder them all!

German Commanders in the occupied countries know full well that every woman whose husband they have sent to forced labour is their mortal enemy.

Awaiting Revenge

In the moment of danger they will feel more than ever that men who have quietly submitted to their rule will jump at the opportunity to revenge themselves. Patriots whom they have hounded in vain will appear on the scene to help their free compatriots as they arrive with British troops to fight the Germans.

There will be friends on every corner, in every house, in every village when our paratroops float down under the cover of night. Fires will be leading them as our raiding parties make their way from the shores into the interior of the Continent.

No, my flight of fancy does not lead me to assume that a fully armed, well-planned, vast insurrection against Hitler will accompany the first military blow struck against him in Europe. But it may well be that a wave of hatred, a desire for revenge, will rouse the people.

Still Fighting

Think only of the great example of the Jugoslav guerilla army under General Mihailovitch, which is in being, fighting and attacking the Germans and satellite Bulgarian and Hungarian police forces on Jugoslav soil a year after the Nazis "defeated" Jugoslavia.

These Jugoslav guerillas have found arms where there seemed to be none; they have held out against Hitler where there seemed to be no hope of holding out.

Such armies, smaller but not less heroic, such guerillas imbued with the same indomitable spirit, will rise all over Europe. Not all the arms on the Continent are in the hands of Hitler's hangmen.

I have talked to many allied leaders who know their countries and who have ample evidence of the spirit of their people. Is not their optimism proved by the logical certainty that a Belgian will fight the German gangsters rather than wait until they shoot him as a hostage?

Masaryk, the Czech Foreign Minister, had to restrain the revolting Czechs and urge non-violence, passive resistance, go-slow methods and silent sabotage so that their best men should not risk discovery and death. They will be more valuable in the hour of concerted action.

Latent Strength

General de Gaulle has wisely warned Frenchmen to conserve their energy, their arms and ammunition, for an organised assault instead of indulging in the pleasure of killing individual Germans.

This advice and these warnings alone reveal the strength of latent anti-German forces in Europe.

The same respected voices and others will give the signal for attack against German forces from the rear when Britain strikes a frontal blow against the Continent.

They have estimated that there will be ten million men, and no fewer determined and brave women, ready to fall into line as Europe's great guerilla army.

Let us, as a matter of precaution, halve that figure. There will still be five million Allies to stab Hitler in the back.

We know that they will be armed with hatred of the oppressors.

And when, at last, they rise in their millions, it will be a spectacle that will rouse the hearts of mankind.

All Europe will be a camp of guerillas fighting for the common cause.

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

RENT RACKET IS NEW SCANDAL

MANY will remember the widespread human misery resulting from the rent profiteering that followed the last war.

Then, a good salary was often insufficient to rent a decent home. Hundreds of thousands of young couples couldn't afford a home at all.

Countless marriages couldn't stand the strain. Divorce Court judges broke down under the stress of their work.

Will the same thing happen again?

Well, the present moment is a good testing time.

Thousands of people were driven by the bombing of a year ago to seek new homes. Mostly they took one-year leases, now "up."

So they are trekking from agent to agent.

And my representatives have been trekking with them.

They viewed unfurnished houses that are subject to the Rent Restrictions Act and which the law says should be let at little more than pre-war rental.

They found landlords up to all sorts of tricks.

Some insist on "an option to purchase," which means they can charge what they like. Overcharge is "towards the purchase" of the house—a purchase which will never eventuate.

Excuses for Profiteering

Others utter a confusing mass of statistics about "cost of alterations" and "cost of storing my furniture." Usually, mere excuses for profiteering.

Even small houses have been split into two flatlets, in defiance of the formula for fixing a fair rent.

Some landlords even ask for a "private rental," another being given on the rent-book.

And, of course, the "fully furnished" trick is being heavily overworked.

In London, furniture worth a few pounds is often excuse enough to exact 50s. a week *exclusive* for a house which the law would value, unfurnished, at 25s. a week *inclusive*.

In the so-called "select" areas of the provinces this milk-and-water profiteering would be laughed at.

Five, six, even eight pounds a week is often asked for such property—plus some often unwanted furniture.

My investigators found considerable overcharging for new houses completed when the war broke out. Because there was no pre-war rental on which to base a fair charge, the builders in some cases want four and five times the fair rent.

The law looks after furnished as well as unfurnished accommodation.

A fine up to £100, and repayment, can be the penalty for charging too much for furnished accommodation.

Some local authorities use their powers. Many can't be bothered.

In some counties almost on London's doorstep the most flagrant profiteering is being tolerated.

Councils say to much-robbed tenants: "You were happy enough to take the place at that figure, weren't you?"

Of course people are prepared to be the victims of profiteers, when they have been bombed out; or, with daddy away fighting, everybody is saying: "No children."

Storing up Trouble

Local authorities keep telling the Ministry of Health they have few complaints. That's because thousands of sufferers are afraid that action will mean—the street.

The authorities should hunt round a bit. They will find that another big war-rent racket is rearing its ugly head.

This while a few thousand people seek homes. One day millions will be searching. What then?

SPREADING A NET FOR SONGSTERS

WAR time, it seems, despite all the abnormal conditions, still offers rich opportunities for amateur lyric writers.

Spurred on by patriotic ardour as well as financial motives, many are being tempted to turn out martial verse in the hope that they may produce another "Tipperary" and win fame and fortune.

Unfortunately, their work, for the most part, is hopelessly amateurish and wouldn't stand an earthly chance in a real market.

★ ★ ★

Inquiries I have just completed about a venture that seeks lyric-writing clients under the name of "BCM/SPEARMAN PUBLISHERS, London, W.C.1," provide many reasons for avoiding the concern.

Spearman Publishers actually carries on its business from a small dwelling-house in Becontree Avenue, Dagenham.

From these meagre surroundings impressive notepaper bearing the London address boasts representatives in Canada, United States, Australasia, and Africa.

The partners of this organisation are given as "Neville Armstrong, Aida Reubens, and Peggy Haydon." Of the last-named I know nothing. But the first two, I find, have been mixed up with previous song-writing ventures about which readers sought my advice.

★ ★ ★

In one, for example, a woman named Mrs. Cromwell Jeffers was associated with Armstrong in finding clients willing to pay to have their lyrics set to music.

So also was "Miss Aida Reubens"—who happens to be Mrs. Cromwell Jeffers!

And the address at Becontree Avenue, Dagenham, is that of the house in which she resides—in both names!

Take my advice—leave the concern severely alone!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week's £1 1s. award goes to Mr. N. C. Crane, Ringinglow Road, Sheffield, 11, for information about a subject in which I have long been interested.

Letters are appreciated about any matter requiring enquiry or comment. Please mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, has ample powers to stop the whole wretched business

Riom Trial Turns on its Masters

HITLER, to all intents and purposes, has told Pétain to stop the Riom trial.

It may have happened by the time you read this.

Vichy, no doubt, will try, as usual, to work out some hypocritical "compromise" trick—say, by taking advantage of the Easter recess for "suspending" the trial temporarily, and then indefinitely.

But whatever Pétain may decide, he has landed himself in a mess.

Let us waste no sympathy on him; he has received all the trouble he was asking for when he tried to please the conqueror by announcing soon after the defeat that the "guilty men" would be prosecuted and punished.

Hitler understood: the men guilty *of the war.*

The French people understood: the men guilty *of the defeat.*

Angered Both Sides

After more than a year of ambiguity, both Hitler and the French people became impatient.

Pétain tried to dodge the issue by sentencing the "guilty men" without a trial.

But he merely angered both sides—and a third one, too: the appointed judges of the Supreme Court, who refused to be treated like rubber stamps.

The men of Vichy, full of apprehension, let the trial start.

And what a start!

The Fuehrer felt cheated. Not only did the indictment leave out the actual "war guilt" question, but the accused men seized the opportunity—the first since the downfall of France—to proclaim in open court what every Frenchman thinks: that Hitler and Hitler alone is guilty.

For Vichy it was even worse. Every day the men in the dock score points. They act and speak more as accusers than defendants.

The Guilty Pétain

It soon became clear that the most guilty of all men with regard to strategic incompetence and lack of modern armaments was the former Inspector-General of the French Army, Philippe Pétain, Marshal of France.

There is still something like public opinion in France. If the trial is stopped every Frenchman will know *why* it was stopped.

Pétain will have lost whatever respect he may still have in France as "the victor of Verdun." If the trial went on, or if it were stopped, he would be exposed just the same.

And then there is the court! The judges who enforced the trial in spite of Pétain's strange procedure of a sentence without a hearing may again refuse to yield. Not even in Italy or Germany has a trial before a Supreme Court of Justice ever stopped right in the middle by order of the Government, let alone of a foreign Government!

And if the judges refuse to give way—what then?

Will Hitler send an S.S. division across the border line to Riom, occupy the court building, arrest judges, accused, counsel and witnesses, and send them all to a concentration camp?

VICTOR SCHIFF.

No Salvage Medals for Them!

PAPER, I find, has 973 different uses in our munition factories—uses for which no other material will do.

My mail, this week, shows me that many people don't realise this fact.

I offer no Salvage Medal to the Ministry of Food for sending, to traders in the Reading area, permits to sell baby food in envelopes so huge that it required 252 square inches of best Manila to make each.

300 Square Inches

Nor to the Liverpool Group Investment Club, which has sent out, in connection with the football pool it operates, 300 square inches of printed matter to everybody who applies—much of it gushing with talk of patriotism!

Nor to Geoffrey Gilbey, who broadcasts 104 square inches to "interest the sporting public in his truly remarkable infallible system—the Super Golden Harvest System"—bearing no relation to Digging for Victory!

And no medal, certainly, for the Royal Thames Yacht Club, which ought to know better than to send every member 521 square inches of high-grade paper to tell him about the 1941 accounts.

The Bury Group Club, operating football pools from Liverpool, have canvassed a reader—not the only one, we presume—with 262 square inches of circulars.

The director of a famous munition firm (sorry we can't give its name) gives to each of 5,000 workers a 22-page book, a 75-square-inch sermon on Moral Rearmament, and 150 square inches of blank Manila envelope.

A furnishing firm pushes 60-square-inch advertising leaflets through the doors of Wolverhampton houses.

And what's this? Abergele issues a three-colour 12-page 300-square-inch programme in connection with its Warship Week. In fact, a lot of programmes, for we hold number 672.

No medals for any of them.

None for the Venture Crossword Club, of 31, Lillian Avenue, Acton, W.3, canvassing at 97 square inches of paper a time to rake in two-bob subscriptions.

Or Tarrant Evans and Co., of Ophir Road, Bournemouth, who send out, uninvited, 716 square inches of paper—AND A FREE SAMPLE—to get customers for their window-glass substitute.

Or A. Hamlin and Co., Carlton House, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, who gamble 282 square inches of a precious national commodity on every person they think can be tempted into buying shares they have to offer—and do this regularly, sending you lists free as well if you desire it.

The Way to Victory

But millions of people who are saving every bit of paper that comes their way, and are even finding space in their pockets for scraps they find blowing to waste, do deserve those unstruck Salvage Medals.

They are marching on the Salvage way to victory. And they are not going to be stopped by those who fall out—or who are determined not to march at all.

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLAR

Ape-Man's Miracle

BLIND and bleeding, Man reels down the black roads of Time, obedient to something inside him that drives him on through hells of ice, and fire, and loneliness, towards a destiny that God keeps hidden.

There is no crumb of all we possess, and no fragment of all our knowledge, that has not been bought and paid for with the sweat and agony of men and women.

Most of the history of mankind is lost in the dark, like a dream.

And so it comes to pass that the greatest heroes that ever walked on two legs—the most inspired discoverers—our noblest benefactors—are utterly forgotten.

The true epic of Man is unsung. The history of our struggle out of the forest is beautiful and terrible; but it has yet to be told.

Consider this story. I cannot prove that it is true. Yet it must be true:

* * *

Countless years before the beginning of recorded history the great beasts ruled the world, and Man was a little beast that lived by wandering from hiding-place to hiding-place in the wilderness.

Sometimes the earth throws up bits of his buried bones: he had a little brain and a sloping chin; an uncouth jaw, too narrow to permit the use of a tongue in speech; a short neck, a clumsy hand; a shapeless face, and the muscles of a big ape.

He was a scavenger. He lived as he could. He ate anything the forest sent him—meat, twigs, leaves, insects, roots or fruit—and, like the scavenger that he was, digested it all.

He wandered where food was. The hunger for something to swallow was his deepest and highest urge.

He wandered in groups, for the sake of safety. He was afraid to be alone. He was less noble than the big cats—a hungry animal without beauty or dignity.

And yet there must have been a certain something hidden behind that overhanging, beast-like forehead—the germ of everything that can make a man noble.

IMAGINE this creature that was our ancestor.

Imagine a tribe, or a pack, of males and females of his kind dragging out their existences in a great, hot, tiger-haunted wilderness that was the world. The jackal knew how to make a lair; but Man did not. The ant could build a house: the bird could build a nest: but Man could build nothing.

Imagine a certain tribe of Dawn Men on the march.

Out of the thick, savage head of one of these people there came, one day, an idea that made Man great.

The tribe was shambling southward, living as best it could. Man was less discriminating in his appetites than any wild pig. He gulped down anything that came his way.

Man, then, was—out of sheer necessity—largely vegetarian in his diet, because there were more plants in the world than anything else. He stuffed himself with berries, juicy stalks, seed-pods, or grass, or fungi, or whatever he happened to find.

The tribe wandered, almost aimlessly. For several weeks it followed the tracks of a herd of buffalo. Once it doubled back on the trail of some curly tusked forefathers of the elephant.

And then at last they came upon a place they had never seen before.

It was a great rolling valley, rippling with strange grasses.

Picture to yourself this band of shaggy and starving people of the dawn, looking down through the last trees of a thinned-out forest, and seeing a scene of green calm under the sun.

They went down cautiously at first.

Then, when no hostile beasts or men came out of the long grass to attack them, they ran forward recklessly, and began to eat.

They ate, in the beginning, without choosing what they ate. But as their appetites became less keen they picked about among the ripe grasses—as a well-fed man picks idly and contentedly among nuts in a dish after a good dinner.

They had the habit of eating seeds. Seeds were more nourishing than stems. Many of the grasses in this valley bore heads that were heavy with seeds.

Unmolested, the tribe in the valley devoured the seed-heads; and slept; and awoke, and ate again.

And so they stayed in that place, and grew fat.

The valley was vast. The seed-grass was, apparently, illimitable.

For the first time in their lives these dumb, savage men and women had leisure. The young men found time to fight among themselves. The women found sleeping-dens for themselves and their young. Game roamed into the valley, and was hunted down.

For a breathing space, Man had found a quiet place to rest in.

But among the men of this tribe there was one who was old. He no longer wanted to run with the rest. He desired only to sit still in the sun and doze. He knew that, when the tribe was on the march, he who fell back was left to die. So he had kept up with them.

And now he was tired. He sat, drowsing, eating his fill of the wild barley, and staring at the ground.

Weeks passed under that superb fertilising sun.

One morning the old man, looking at the ground—the brown, damp ground where nothing had been before—was somehow attracted by a tiny green thing. It was bright and pale. He looked at it. It was coming out of a grain of the wild barley which had fallen to the earth as he had eaten.

There was nothing to do. He sat, watching with the patience of an animal—and with the curiosity of a man.

The green shoot lengthened.

He watched it from dawn to dark. It fascinated him with its steady upward climb.

AT last a dawn came when he awoke and, looking at the green stem, saw something very remarkable.

The top of the shoot was swollen. The old man, who had recognised, and eaten, many such things, knew that in this swollen place there were more seeds.

But he did not need to eat the new shoot. He watched it. It ripened rapidly in that perpetual tropical summer; grew dry and bright yellow. He watched, sleepily content.

The wild barley dried and drooped. Breeze shook the head of it. His keen ears caught the rustle of the husk. He saw seeds fall down; and lay on his belly, and stared at them—resting, replenishing his failing strength.

The virgin soil clutched at those quick and hardy seeds.

Children scuttled past, treading them in. The old man drove the children away with a snarl. There was something in his soul that made him watch these seeds. In any case, he had grown accustomed to watching them; and there was nothing else for him to do.

Time ran away. He saw that for every seed which had fallen a green shoot came out of the dirt; and on every shoot there grew a new cluster of seeds.

DEEP down in that small, struggling brain—that brain which was, itself, the seed of bigger and higher brains—there took place some strange upheaval; some earthquake of realisation.

He *saw* something!

He *knew* something!

Over and above the blind, brutish instincts that made him live and move, this stiff-limbed old savage had something new. He had seen an effect coming out of a cause. He knew that he could make these seed-heads bear more seeds—that every seed dropped on the earth would bring out of the earth a hundred more seeds—that this, *this* was how the grasses grew so that he and his people found food for their bellies.

He crept among the wild barley, plucked ripe heads, dry and crackling heads, and stamped them into the fertile soil.

Yes. It was true. It was so.

Green needles came probing up to the sun; white threads went writhing down to the dark. And the seed, between light and dark, was alive, like man and woman—it gave birth!

He was the first cultivator, the first farmer.

He, that verminous and naked ape-man, was the genius whose discoveries made the first farmlands of the Euphrates and the Nile.

He gave leisure and certitude to mankind, and laid the foundations of all civilisation: that one old watcher of seeds!

With little more than the brain of an ape—but with the questing, hungry soul of Man—he was one of the three great men of all time.

But if we found him now we would put him in a zoo.

Human Machine

NEW POWERS

Unless you are a particularly obtuse and unobservant sort of person you cannot help feeling that there is change in the air.

There is a great reaching out to the future, to better things, to wider horizons, to more spacious days.

The war is more and more coming to be regarded as an obstacle to inevitable progress, an object to be removed as soon as possible, so that the real work of the world can begin.

Now there is much reality behind this.

It is the beginnings of that realisation that comes to mankind every so often, that he really is master of himself and his fate.

It is the peculiarity of war that it always carries within it the seeds of its own destruction.

But we must all—every single one of us—realise that unless we have a very clear idea of what we want, how we are going to get it, and just what we are going to do, there will come once more the lost opportunity, the missed moment that has so often hindered the upward climb of the human race.

The time to think is now. The time to plan is now. The time to prepare is now.

Later will be too late.

WAR STAGES DRAMATIC REUNIONS

SOMEWHERE on the high seas a German surface raider opened fire on the *Tirranna*. The merchant ship put up a gallant but hopeless fight.

Presently she was lying alongside her captor, shrouded in a stealthy mist.

Out of the mist came another ship, grazed their sterns—and the Germans collected a second prize.

Sven, third officer of the *Tirranna*, had the shock of his life. Coming up the gangway was his brother, whom he had not seen for more than three years.

* * *

When the liner *Britannia* was shelled and sunk, Dr. Nancy Miller, of Glasgow, the ship's surgeon, attended the wounded during the action, and later in the lifeboats. After being adrift for some time they were picked up by a neutral vessel.

One day the neutral was sighted by a British warship, which took them on board.

As Dr Nancy climbed the pilot's ladder an officer greeted her with the words: "Your father's waiting for you over there."

Her father was the warship's surgeon. . . .

* * *

Sidney Walker, of South Shields, was a ship's fireman.

His ship was torpedoed, and only by rowing furiously did he and some of his mates escape in a lifeboat.

They were adrift for nearly a fortnight, and had given up all hope, when they were sighted by a Canadian corvette.

The next thing Sid knew was that someone was looking down on him and calling: "What the hell are you doing down there?"

He recognised William Davis, who lived next door to him in South Shields. . .

* * *

A Czech student, sheltering in a London doorway during a raid one night, collided with another man.

An exclamation in his own language came out of the darkness.

He had bumped into a bosom friend from Prague, whom he had not seen since the days of Munich. . . .

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London W.C.2

FOUR weeks ago a convoy was stealing across the Atlantic with food for you.

A little naval corvette accompanied it as part of its escort.

And on that corvette was R. Shepherd (P/MX 71318), of the Royal Navy, who has written to a friend telling him what happened.

We can't tell you R. Shepherd's rank. He omits to mention it—his friend, too.

But it's the letter that counts. Every war-croaker should be made to read it three times:

It was 8 p.m., dark, with a stinging wind blowing, and I found the mess deck so cosy after the upper deck that I fell to day-dreaming about the Girl.

Things we would do, places we would go to when we got the stuff home. One thought that didn't occur to me was that our wonderful little ship never would get home.

I was still day-dreaming when the alarm bell sounded Action Stations. We went full pelt towards a submarine.

We dropped our pattern of depth charges—and reloaded.

We searched for two hours. Then the submarine got *us*.

There was a terrific explosion, a sickening tearing of steel. Our deck split open. Half our bridge went up. A mountain of steam rose from us. We shook from stem to stern.

Such was our speed that we went rushing through the sea for ten minutes—a poor, stricken thing. Nobody left alive down below. And so terribly holed that our good ship could only survive a matter of minutes.

We waded to our one seaworthy boat, and had to fight to free that. The darkness handicapped us. Then our ship burst into flames, and the light gave us hope of life.

And then, as twenty of us fought to release that boat, the submarine appeared and started to fire on us.

All the time we were sinking. Lurch after lurch—and each, we thought, was the last.

Then she gave a final lurch and went down forecastle first.

I plunged into a sea thick with oil fuel. I went down, down, down.

I came up to see the stern of our ship disappearing. I saw three shipmates clinging to spars. Then another great explosion—and down, down I went again.

Our depth charges were going off as our ship went down!

This time I never expected to reappear. I thought of the Girl again. My Mae West, leaking air, was throwing bubbles in my face.

But I did come up, and, despite burned legs and an injured wrist, swam for half an hour in absolute agony.

At last I was pulled on to one of three floats that shipmates lucky enough to be alive had lashed together.

A destroyer approached, raised our spirits, then passed on.

Two hours later we saw a glare, and the destroyer was coming back.

It hadn't missed us. It had gone on with the stern duty of sinking that submarine, and had succeeded.

We were snatched from the sea, huddled in warm blankets, plied with hot drinks.

And now I am ready to go back. There's nowhere else I would be. And still thinking of the Girl.

CHASED TO HOSPITAL!

Another letter to cure the grumblers—this time from Sergt. Hazelwood, now wounded and in No. 2 General Hospital, Egypt, to his parents at 73a, High Street, Walthamstow:

I was in command of a platoon of Bren gun-carriers which just couldn't stand up to their armour-piercing anti-tank shells. We were plastered.

We got into an ambulance, but their tanks chased us and gave us another pasting.

But then an ambulance plane picked us up and took us down to the Base. And here in hospital they are even giving us a bottle of Guinness each every day! So —cheerio!

PRISON—THAT WAS!

And Private J. W. Fox (S/4694393, Middle East Forces) isn't grumbling either—although he has found himself a prisoner-of-war and a free man again all in a few days.

He writes to a friend at Hill House, Brownhill Road, Batley:

Having got separated from our convoy, we were taken prisoners. Our driver, being shot, was sent to a German hospital, but our prisoner-of-war camp was a valley in the sand.

We thought: "Our guard doesn't seem to be strong. Why not a breakaway?" The Jerries had no grub anyway, and our water tasted of petrol. So away we went.

We did 20 miles across desert the first night and were picked up by Indian troops. And here we are, with everything gone except the clothes we stand in.

PLAIN TALKING

Now, from the Middle East, some plain words to certain young women in this country. They are addressed by Gunner Hirst to Miss M. Adams, Barclay Street, St. Pancras, N.W.—who shares his sentiments.

In a newspaper sent to us from home we saw a picture of Italian prisoners in England, who work on a farm, walking out with the young girls from a neighbouring farm

We can assure you these things don't go down well here. We are fighting these people. Those girls may not know it, but those Italians are the main reason for our being out here, away from home, everything.

Why Russia is

SMITH FAMILY, MOSCOW—This, the final article of the series, tells you how Stalin, with wise foresight, trained his people in sports that would fit them for the task of defending their homeland.

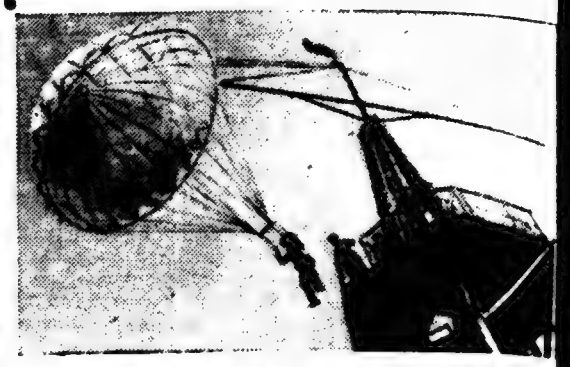
By JOHN CASHEL

PREMIER Stalin leads an unusual life.

He sleeps till 11 a.m., then works through the seventeen hours till four the next morning.

Years ago he got an idea about the practical value of sport which he has since applied in an unusual way.

Exiled on Siberia's perishing Arctic coast, he found that huntin', shootin' and fishin' not only kept him alive, but kept him in fighting trim.



Tens of thousands of Russian guerillas, dropped in the enemy's rear, had their first parachute lessons on such towers as this in the Soviet's vast public parks

Because he has put that lesson to good use, four of the five members of Petrov Family, Moscow, to-day find themselves fighting fit in war. Even the baby's compulsory physical culture will begin as soon as she goes to school.

In this field of body culture the Petrovs have a fundamentally different outlook from that of the Smith Family, London.

We Smiths, cradled in the home of sport, have been proudly nurtured on the slogan, "Sport for Sport's Sake." We should, even in 1942, still think our rulers weren't quite themselves if they suddenly dictated, "Sport for the State's Sake."

But this is what Stalin did with the Petrovs.

Young Anna and Mikhail found it obligatory for them, and twenty million other schoolchildren like them, to develop their bodies so that they could win the badge inscribed, "Be Ready for Labour and Defence."

Standing the Strain

Likewise, their father and mother joined a sports movement of ten million members in order to win a red-starred badge inscribed, "Ready for Labour and Defence."

They are among five millions who hold this badge, threequarters of them women, awarded only after stiff tests by expert examiners.

They are now able to stand up to the strain of long wartime hours on the Labour Front, while Anna and Mikhail, whose youth has ridden on the crest of the physical culture wave, are well equipped to join the toughest Defence Front.

Peace—and War

Here are some of Stalin's universally organised practical-value peace pastimes and the connection such foresight has with training for war:

Pastime parachuting: *Parachute-trooping.* Discus-throwing: *Hurling grenades and fire-bottles.* Ski-ing: *Ski-trooping.* Skating: *Guerillas swooping across frozen lakes.* Walking marathons: *Long marches.* Swimming: *Troop stream-crossing.* Cycling: *Cycling trooping.* Motor-cycling: *Despatch riding.* Horse riding: *Cavalry charging.* Miniature range shooting: *Army rifle firing.* Mountain climbing: *Defending the Caucasus oil.*

All these and more were promoted on a colossal scale—to be "Ready for Labour and Defence," with the diplomatic emphasis on Labour!

That was what a friend of mine who visited Russia in 1933 meant when he said, "The Russians are doing nothing for sport's sake."

Actually, they were spending huge sums to promote it for their country's sake, and for some time before the war the sum rose to £25,000,000 annually.

In 1933, it is now known, they were already "playing" with the paratroop idea.

Then, because Germany got hold of the secret of their intentions—hence the Russian purges!—they gave the rest of the world the benefit of it by dropping two thousand paratroops at their 1936 manœuvres.

All the experts who witnessed it, except the Germans and a then little-known British general named Wavell, were much amused!

They Weren't Impressed

About the same time the Petrovs looking up at the Moscow sky, were astonished to see aeroplanes, each towing as many as a score of gliders (the record was 29), bringing parties pants to one or other of the central park and Red Square festivals.

The Germans thought half a dozen gliders enough to tow at Crete.

So little did their part in that exercise impress the Russians that I learn they now regard gliding as the least useful of their far-seeing pastimes.

Not so parachuting.

Young Anna and Mikhail Petrov, with an hour to spare, still thrill themselves

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

MOSCOW staged plays in sound of gunfire. Moscow didn't fall. Let the killjoys remember this.—S. Main, Small Heath, Birmingham.

* * *

A friend, given three months' deferment to sell his business, did so in the required time—for the ensuing six months has been without a call-up, and therefore without the means of maintaining his family. Why force poverty on people?—J. Stainton, 155, Gladesmore Road, N.15.

* * *

Relief funds for the *Titanic* (now £270,000), *Lusitania* (£19,000) and *Empress of Ireland* (£80,000) are now bigger than required for the ever-decreasing number of dependants—and surpluses should be used to help those families whose breadwinners sail away in war time and never come back.—F. Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.

* * *

War's worst absenteeism is in the House of Commons.—N. C., Ringinglow Road, Sheffield. 11

Tobacconist I know charges 3½d. for five small cigarettes (proper price 3½d.). He can't be bothered with farthings! He will sometimes oblige with ten—for 7d. But two packets are used, where one would do.—Mrs. A. James, 49, Paul Street, Cotham, Bristol.

* * *

I have been in the R.A.F. four years. I am a fully qualified drill instructor. My medical grade is A1. I keep volunteering to serve overseas. Now I'm to give up the job of lighting fires in the N.A.A.F.I. canteen to act as officer's batman.

(We told the Air Ministry we would rather see this lad's ambition met than publish his letter. The reply was: "He may have applied to us direct, in which case nothing would be done.")

* * *

Hire driver, asking me the way to a neighbouring village, was told "The shortest way is ——." He replied: "I'm not interested in the shortest way. I am paid on mileage." And I have a nephew on a tanker.—O.S., Abergele, N. Wales.

so Fighting Fit

with a practice jump from the parachute tower in their central Park of Rest and Culture.

From there half a million jumps have been made in the last five years. And, remember, there are over 600 such parks in the Soviet Union, many of them with parachute towers.

From such towers tens of thousands of Red Army paratroops, and men and women chute-dropping guerillas, spies and saboteurs, now honeycombing the enemy rear, had their first lessons.

The New Generation

Was Stalin thinking of these playtime towers when he said: "A new generation of workers is rising in the U.S.S.R., healthy, buoyant in spirit, able to make their country a tower of strength."

The Petrovs go to their central park, where in peace they took part in pastimes planned on a gargantuan scale.

They were among the quarter of a million people attending the playground on their free days. They skated with 20,000 others daily on an enormous rink.

They were among crowds at the ski-ing stations, and remember meeting there the sportsmen who skied over 6,000 miles from the Far East to Moscow.

The park not only housed for them the great annual sporting events, but was the journey's end of marathons and other long-distance feats. Turkmenian horsemen, potential cavalry, finished up there after riding 6,000 miles!

They saw thousands of ski-troops begin their training there to make winter war on the Germans, then watched swarms of cyclists racing round the huge track to replace the skiers in the Spring offensive.

And the same thing was happening at Russia's 600 other parks of rest and culture and on 8,000 sports grounds.

Seventeen-year-old Mikhail, spending half his time in the factory and half in its technical training school, would normally be due at nineteen for his two years' conscription in the Red Army.

He being average, the doctors would find him nearly two inches taller, five pounds heavier and nine inches bigger round the chest than a recruit of seven years before. Thanks a lot, the Red Army doctors say, to physical culture.

Stadiums are in all the big cities, and even collective-farmers were building their own.

The biggest of all, though unfinished, planned as part of Moscow's new Palace of the Soviets, was due to have been opened by the end of fateful 1942, and is to accommodate 140,000 spectators.

Over it will tower the 6,500-tons Lenin statue, so huge that the statue alone, standing on top of the mighty palace, will be nearly as tall as St. Paul's Cathedral, with even the pointing finger of Lenin's hand measuring twenty feet.

Petrov Family, Moscow, have no doubt they will celebrate victory in this stadium-to-be, which will set the crown of magnificence on their sports building for Labour and Defence.

Two Morals

Their physical culturism has two morals for good sports like Smith Family, London.

One is that body culture is a Defence duty.

The other is that unless Britain State plans her physical culture and sport, her proud story of prowess in international record-making will in a decade or two belong to the limbo of the past.

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

WHO WILL PAY FOR THE NEW WORLD?

● This time it was Sir William Beveridge, the kindly and yet shrewd economist, who told wireless listeners of the improved social services that were being planned.

"Shall we be able to afford them?" I am asked.

Now surely in an improved world of any kind the first charge made for any product should be a guarantee that the people who make it receive a living wage.

If, for instance, Coal cannot pay miners sufficiently as it is, the price must go up.

Human life should be no longer at the mercy of fluctuations of exchange or the sacred law of Supply and Demand.

So it should be with social services.

So far, rates and taxes have been considered first. In the post-war world, security, high standards of health and education should be the first insistence, not the saving of money.

If that were taken for granted, much would follow.

ARE OFFICIAL INSPECTIONS A FARCE?

● I receive from all over the country the most amazing stories about "inspections"—for instance, that before Royalty arrives at a factory many hours are wasted in tidying up and reassembling machines so that everything looks smart and busy.

I am assured, too, that when Lord Woolton went to Liverpool Docks, in the worst days of chaos, one canteen was specially fitted out to make him think all was well.

Once, when Herbert Morrison, Ellen Wilkinson and another Minister went round the Tubes saying, "You can take it," they saw everything except the woman who had drawn up, for all the shelterers, a long list of complaints.

WHY FOG THE TAXPAYER?

● The latest official joke is that salary and wage-earners are to have a revised and "slightly simplified" assessment form for their next return.

The word "slightly" betrays the extreme reluctance of Whitehall's bureaucrats to make anything easy to read and simple to understand.

If making any changes at all, why not make the forms as simple as possible?

SHOULD THE PUBLIC SEE ARMY FILMS?

● Short films dealing with Army training have been officially produced, some containing secrets it would be unwise to broadcast, but others which would inspire many people who hear too little of what soldiers are doing.

They will not see much, however, while there is so much indecision in Whitehall.

Recently, I annoyed the War Office by stating that, after spending £30,000 on "Next of Kin," a film which was a warning against blabbing information—this, in the picture, resulted in Commando raiders being bayoneted—its heads thought the picture too horrible for public exhibition.

Whether this is so or not in this case, many more of the films could be shown to the public.

When he has been drinking it brings out all the badness in him. His face is distorted. He looks just vile

MARRIED TO A JEKYLL AND HYDE!

By HUMANIST

IN old-fashioned melodramas the hero was 100 per cent. virtuous and the villain 100 per cent. wicked. The people we meet in actual life, however, are invariably mixtures, although the proportions of good and evil differ considerably.

But now and then we hear of a "Jekyll and Hyde" type who goes to extremes in both directions. A married woman has written a letter about her husband, but it is so long that I can quote only a few extracts:

When he has been drinking, *she says*, it brings out all the badness in him. He is another person entirely. His face is distorted. He looks just vile.

His language is foul. He starts throwing things about, and if I say the least thing he gives me a blow right away. My son, right from being small, has stood in front of him saying: "Don't you hit my Mammy!"

This treatment is telling on my health. I had never been to a doctor in my life until two years ago, when I was hovering between life and death. Honestly, Humanist, I didn't want to live.

Oh, the times I have gone out and walked the streets for hours, only going home when I thought he would be asleep.

Yet my husband's mother thinks the world of him. I have never told her about the scenes.

When he is sober he is everything one could wish. People say it is good to see such a happily married couple. He can be so nice and jolly. But he is ruining the best years of my life. He must be a Jekyll and Hyde man.

Well, I wrote to this long-suffering wife as soon as I got her letter. I did not tell her to forgive and forget, nor to turn the other cheek. There are limits to forbearance.

The man is a sadist: he loves cruelty for its own sake. At present her life must be a nightmare of fears and horrors. Why should she endure it for another hour?

She should tell her doctor what has been happening. She should talk to a probation officer.

Cruelty is a ground for divorce if it can be established that the tortured wife's health is affected.

HERE is a letter from another woman:

Don't you think it is possible for a wife to be too good a manager? *she asks.*

I run a large house without help of any kind. All my neighbours say I work too hard. But does my husband think so? Not on your life! I am nearer fifty than forty, and all last winter I worked on night-duty for seven nights a week. When I told my husband I had resigned he was furious.

He is getting good money and we could be comfortably off, but he wants me to earn an income in addition to running the house.

It is not economy to ruin health in order to make extra money, is it?

Running a house is a full-time job, especially when there are young children. The idea of undermining health in order to have a bigger total in the bank-book is indefensible.

A MAN sends me a problem which must often arise, although I have never heard it publicly discussed.

There is a vacancy for a junior in my department, *he explains,* **and I have a nephew whose parents are counting on me to get him into the job.**

But I have very grave doubts as to his ability, and am of the opinion that if he got the job I should only be let down. Yet I feel I ought to give him the chance.

I have to consider the reactions of the heads of the firm, the other members of the staff, the boy himself, and his parents.

The question is: Shall I give him a chance or not?

The writer does not say why he has misgivings about the boy's ability.

The obvious thing is to have a talk with the young man himself to find out whether he would really like this chance. If he is keen on it, the uncle should suggest that he might go for a month on trial.

But if he is not given the chance, there will be plenty of opportunities for reproach both from the boy and from his parents. The moral seems clear enough: give him the chance in a period of probation and the responsibility will rest on the right shoulders.

PERSECUTION

WHEN we hear of Persecution our blood boils with righteous rage, to think that barbaric torture should thrive in a civilised age. But men's evil desires are insatiable: they cannot be satisfied, and the Hells they make become Personal Hells where their own souls must abide.

AND so though the persecuted pass through agonies untold, though bodies be raped and tortured, the Everlasting Arms Will Hold their souls above the tumult in a Divine Embrace. This is the Miracle of God which no Devil can efface.

AND those who've witnessed torture and have prayed that the sufferers be freed, who have been aghast and horrified to see wrong deeds succeed, must remember that God lets evilness its own vile course pursue, for though Hell is Enlarged by Man's Wickedness, Heaven Expands by what Good Men do.

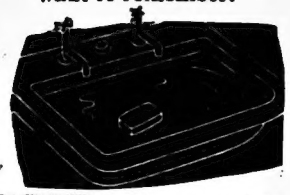
THUS the Path of the Persecutors *leads to Hope's Necropolis, while the Path of the* Persecuted *leads to God and their Soul's Great Bliss. And though atrocities be suffered, Heaven removes the scars, but those who commit the evil dwell in the Night that Knows No Stars.* J. M.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

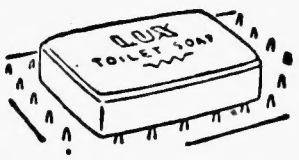
Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

4 ways to make your Lux Toilet Soap last longer

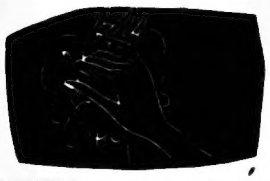
It's quite easy to make your Lux Toilet Soap last longer. Here are some Do's and Don'ts which you'll want to remember.



DON'T let the soap tablet lie about in the basin while you wash your hands. That goes for the bath, too.



DO keep your soap dry in between usings. A little rubber mat, if you have one, or a wire tray is the best idea.



DON'T use too much lather. One simple twist of the Lux Toilet Soap tablet gives enough lather to soap your hands and arms — in soft water, your face and neck as well.

DO stick the remains of one tablet on the new one, or tie the pieces up in a little bag. Swished about in water, this soap bag will give you a soapy solution for soaking hankies and dusters.

Lux Toilet Soap

3-OZ. TABLET (3½D.) FOR ONE COUPON

Nett weight when manufactured. *Purchase Tax included.*

THE BEAUTY SOAP OF THE FILM STARS

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

TL 1252-9

Keep Maltesers as a treat for special occasions. When the kiddies enjoy the Maltesers they've well and truly earned — what a moment for them! Even in these days of scarcity you'll occasionally pick up a few for them if you keep a sharp look-out. And how they'll appreciate those irresistible honeycomb centres — that delicious malty flavour *and* the rich chocolate coating. Watch their faces and see!

GRAND REWARDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

THE LAST LAUGH

E. C. (Hawkhurst).—"It is time the absurd belief was squashed that post-office assistants maintain an unapproachable attitude to the public." Well, we never did believe that the wire grille between vendors and purchasers was really electrified.

H. M. (Paisley).—"At a Red Cross sale I bought a parrot and had to pay a stiff sum for the bird, too." Perhaps it was bidding against you.

T. A. (Sutton).—"A time-bomb was placed by Germans in a bathroom geyser before they retreated from a Russian town, but it exploded prematurely." We had a geyser that did this without a time-bomb.

D. B. (Margate).—"A Brains Trust speaker recently stated that in swing music there are only two tempos." And very often the conductor seems to lose both of them.

CUTHBERT (Uttoxeter). — "My little boy is only nine years old, but seems to have as much intelligence as I have." Poor little chap.

TRAVELLER (Teignmouth).—"Despite the war, I do not find business too bad, but my goods need a lot of pushing." You sell perambulators?

G. H. (Shepton Mallet).—"Many people write the most terrible nonsense nowadays." Then why add to their number?

R. T. (Cirencester).—"Although I punished my boy severely for telling lies, he actually stood up to me." No doubt he didn't feel like sitting down.

A. W. (Motherwell).—"The girl next door has promised to marry me. My brother is a jealous sort of chap and would be very annoyed if he knew." See letter below.

T. W. (Motherwell). — "My brother thinks that the girl next door is head over heels in love with him, but, as a matter of fact, she has promised to marry me." See letter above.

O. Y. (Huddersfield).—"A man is known by the company he keeps." And often by the company he promotes.

M. D. (South Croydon).—"A hen has laid an egg weighing 6¼ oz., 7½ in. in circumference, 4½ in. long and having another complete egg inside." Government appeals for increased production have evidently not fallen on deaf ears.

H. L. (Harrogate).—"I always go to bed with the 'flu." Personally, we prefer to go there without it occasionally.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"P.S.: The hire-purchase company has wrote and said they don't believe that your last instalment was torpedoed off the Cape, so they're coming for the radio-gramophone on Monday"

Mrs. B. (Chertsey). — "I'm awfully worried. I sent my husband out a week ago to buy a loaf of bread and I haven't seen him from that day to this. What would you advise me to do?" Wait another week, and, if he's not back by then, pop out and buy one yourself.

S. V. (Wrexham).—"No restaurant charges for a glass of water." Not *as* a glass of water. But the same quantity heated and poured into a plate is sometimes on the menu as soup.

P. K. (Chelsea).—"Hitler is reported to have had his eyes tested recently." It must have been an ordeal for him. The letters on an oculist's sight-testing chart look so like a list of Russian placenames.

Mrs. N. (Fakenham).—"My boy came home from school crying the other day. There had been a scene because the teacher had found cigarettes on him and he would not give any explanation." He should have told her where he bought them.

F. F. (Edgware).—"I find that the simplest and most commonplace things are sometimes the most difficult to grasp." Now that soap is rationed, you really should try not to let it elude you in the bath.

Side-Slips

THE MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Mr. ——— has a head of thick shining silver hair which is the envy of many a younger man, and there is hardly a line on his MACE."

THE SOUTHEND TIMES:—" .. then after being served with drinks, the two men were seen by a barmaid leaving the Hotel ——— taking two CHOIRS."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Mrs. Parker, whose husband, serving in the R.A.F., recently lost his parents in an air raid, has a family of six young children. Their living conditions have become almost intolerable since burst waterpipes ruined all their bedding and bedsteads.

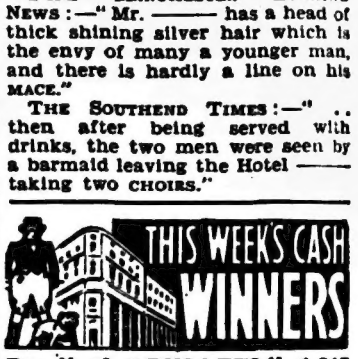
Her rent and unavoidable weekly expenses amount to £1 12s. 1d. With the present high cost of living she has tremendous difficulty in feeding her large family on the balance left from her Service allowances.

The minister of her district states that Mrs. Parker is a woman of good character and worthy of any assistance we can give.

Will readers anxious to help this sorely harassed mother send donations earmarked "Six," or for our General Fund, addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*



Result of "BULLETS" 1,315

FIRST PRIZE £50.

Mrs. C. Evans, 134, Eastcote Lane, South Harrow.
Example: AT THE END OF THE STRING
Bullet: VICEY DANGLES—LATER. ROPE!

£20: A. L. Orman, 172, Blandford Road, Hamworthy, Poole.
Example: Kept In The Dunkirk
Bullet: Mood—Then Britain Invincible.

£10: C. H. Seamons, 48, Bush Hill Rd., Winchmore Hill.
Example: Man On Top
Bullet: Of Toppling "Ladder," Ex-paperhanger.

£5: Mrs. L. Burke, 8, Ralfton Ave., Blackburn.
We Can't Afford—"Fine Feathers," Fighting "Eagle."

£4: F. Drew, "Treetops," Crediton Rd., Okehampton.
Working Overtime—Overloaded—Overtured—Over Pedestrian!

£3: Mrs. A. Sanders, 5, Bridge St., Cradley, West Bromwich.
Seeing Nothing—To Buy, *Victory's* "Window-dressing."

£2: J. Ferrington, 29, Manor Road, Stretford, Manchester.
Kept In The Parlour—Faehrer's Photograph—*Collar*, Radio!

30s.: Miss B. G. Griffin, Parkholme, West Hill, Bulleigh Salterton.
We Can't Afford—To "Laugh"—Keep *Smiling*!

30s.: H. Walker, 221, Pringle St., Blackburn.
Kept In The Sands—Or Clouds, Official Heads!

24s.: Mrs. F. Wright, 14, Spencer Rd., Herne Hill.
We Can't Afford—Our Pick, "Choosing" *Liberty*.

22s.: S. M. Winter, 110, Bournville Lane, Bournville.
Kept In The Dock—Cargo—Stevedore—Unloading" *Grievances*.

20s.: F. W. Carr, 151, Victoria St., Mansfield.
At The End Of The First—Week. Recruits' *Eyes* Tougher!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

156 CASH PRIZES

WON IN XWORD No. 287.

WINNING WORDS: 1. Ample. 2. Ashes. 3. Boat. 4. Tale. 5. Wiener. 6. Hire. 7. Tribe. 8. Toy. 9. Pack. 10. Wreak. 11. Bale. 12. Love. 13. Lace. 14. Fitter.

FOURTEEN £100 SHARERS: F. A. Appleton, Colwyn Bay; H. Beal, Huddersfield; L. Dunn, London, N.11; J. Evans, Parkstone; Miss R. Fisher, Sheffield; S. Gibson, E. Yorks; F. A. Greenwood, Helsden Bridge; W. Hodgkins, Bromsgrove; T. Lindley, Leicester; Mrs. Palmer, Jarrow; Mrs. M. Parkin, Whitby; A. Spink, Bradford; R.S.M. H. Wilson, Somewhere-in-Britain; E. B. Wood, Killington.

£25 CASH shared between 142 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

Why not be HEALTHY & FIT for Spring

To enjoy Springtime to the full, you must feel in tune with this brightest of seasons. Step into Spring, feeling fresh and vital by adopting this fine health habit of Bile Beans at bedtime.

Bile Beans improve the condition of your blood, tone and recharge your system with health and vitality. Cleansing, regulating and toning you up. Bile Beans do their work whilst you sleep. Purely Vegetable.

BILE BEANS

What do I do . . . to get a Ministry of Information Film Show?

I write to the Ministry of Information, London, W.C.1, provided I represent an organisation, group, club or factory, and can guarantee an audience of at least 100 and a suitable blacked-out hall. I must apply six weeks in advance and can select sound film programmes lasting 30–80 minutes, made up from the following subjects: the Fighting Forces, the British Empire, our Allies, Civil Defence, Food and Farming, Allotment Gardening and Health. All equipment is provided free.

Cut this out and show it to your Club Secretary

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

SKIN SUFFERERS! Try This amazing Liquid Healer

If spots, pimples, rashes or sore places worry you, apply D.D.D. Prescription and see how quickly they disappear. Skin trouble cannot resist the healing power of this soothing liquid. D.D.D. Prescription gives speedy relief in the most severe cases of Eczema, Dermatitis, Impetigo, Ulcers, Bad Legs. All the soreness goes, the burning irritation disappears. Open places heal up, and before long your skin is restored to health without a blemish. Splendid, too, in cases of cuts, wounds, scalds. At all chemists, 1/5 per bottle (tax inc.).

D.D.D PRESCRIPTION

2 tablets ENDED HEARTBURN

Army Officer pays tribute to MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

"I should be lacking in gratitude if I did not write and tell you what a godsend Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets have been to me. Two tablets gave me immediate relief from Heartburn. I had tried almost everything advised for my complaint, but only Moorland gave relief."
(Signed) R. O., Bedford.

Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh, and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8½d. and 1/1d., including tax.

£125 ALL-CASH OFFER FOR 'John Bull' X WORD

1st PRIZE £100—Runners-up £25 CASH

For result of Xword No. 267, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry columns.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
SCHOOLBOYS INSTINCTIVELY DESPISE TEACHER WITH VANITY SUPERIOR	B R A N			
WHAT TRAVELLER SEES FROM PLANE SOMEONE DESERT SOON DESERVES THIS	B R E			
IT'S NOT FASHIONABLE NOWADAYS FOR WOMEN TO BE	F L S H Y			
WAS ONCE UPON A TIME REGARDED WITH SUSPICION	W T C H			
SUBSTANCE IN THE BOOKS CAUSED THIS BEFORE BEING SOLD	G R A E D			
TENDS TO MAKE MANY PEOPLE SLEEPY	B A H			
SOME BELIEVE MODERN MEN ARE IN ART OF DESCENDING FROM	A P E			
NOT EVERY EXPERIENCED SPECTACLE-MAKER CAN MAKE GOOD ONE	L I N G			
GARDENER CAN BE CAUGHT IN END OF ANNOYANCE BY ONE	B I D			
OLD-FASHIONED ONE SOMETIMES MADE THINGS GO ROUND AND ROUND	P O T E R			
WRONG USE OF MANURE RESULTS IN SOME VEGETABLES BECOMING THIN	F O R E D			
IS OF SPECIAL IMPORTANCE DURING WAR	C O E			
BOYS AREN'T LIKELY TO PUT MUCH FAITH IN ONE THEY KNOW GOOD THIN	B L B S			
CARPENTER DOMICILY FINDS IT'S USEFUL	B E C H			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, APRIL 13

Signed .....

Address .....

(No. 271)

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

— — — — — — CUT ROUND THIS LINE — — — — — —

ADDRESS ENTRY

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, and in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. £50 Cash award between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and service rank noted. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated May 2, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 PRIZES value over for 'BULLETS'

FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH

Others: £20 | £10 | £5 | £4 | £3 | £2 | 36/-

36/- | 34/- | 32/- | 30/- | 20 of 10/-

50 of 2/6 etc. | 1000 MERIT AWARDS

Look out for next week's surprise!

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

BRAVE MEN
BOLDNESS PAYS, SO
NEARLY
THE RED ARMY
A JOY-RIDE
TO MAKE CERTAIN
ON LAND AND SEA
NO MORE
DUTY CALLED AND
FLYING
STRONG POINT
STILL PLENTIFUL
MIGHT BE BETTER

BRITAIN'S IN PERIL, YET
TONIC FOR THE NATION
THE STRAIN'S TERRIFIC, BUT
DAD'S BEEN DIGGING, SO
PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT
OUR SUNDAY DINNER
JUST LIKE THE B.B.C.

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

MENACE TO OUR .....
WAITING TO BE .....
WHAT WE CAN .....
MAKES ..... LAUGH
WINNING .....
ASKING FOR .....

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,315 appears on page 14

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS ... with each entry ... at market ... below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark 1,319 NOON APRIL 13

Signed .....

Address .....

— — — — — — CUT ROUND THIS LINE — — — — — —

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,319 or Xword No. 271, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

What a lovely Baby!

Thanks to Jennings

CHILDREN'S POWDERS EFFECTIVE and HARMLESS

FROM YOUR CHEMIST SINGLY OR IN BOXES 1/3 and 3/-

Prevent Convulsions Check Teething Setbacks

WRITE: Alfred Fennings Cowes, I. of W., for copy of 'EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK,' post free

TIM ENLISTS

"C3! They turned me down. If I were a dog, mistress would see I was ill and do something."

"Is life brighter! How did they know? 'TIBS' at last!"

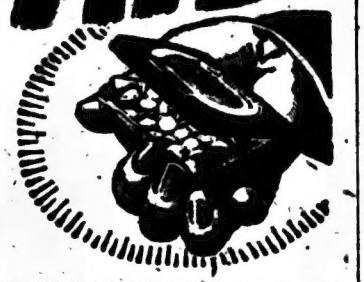
"Volunteer Tim—that's me! 'Five mice a day and they'll make me a Corporal. S'easy. Start counting!"

TIBS "TIBS" are tasteless in food. From all chemists and corn merchants, 7d. for 3, or 1/1½ for 7.

KEEP CATS KITTENISH

A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport.

AID



THESE ARE TIMES that 'take it out of you'—there's no escaping the extra strain on your Nerves and the extra drain on your Reserves of Energy. You need the AID that Vitamin Yeast in the highly concentrated form of Yestamin can and *will* give you.

Yestamin strengthens and protects against Colds, 'Flu, Indigestion, Constipation and other common ailments. It makes good vitamin deficiencies—ordinary meals put New Life ... when you take Yestamin with ... this potent, yet *entirely drug-free*, ... will cost you only a penny a day. *NOW!*—for *aid*.

Of all ...

YESTAMIN

Vitamin Yeast Tablets

100 for 1/3, 225 for 2/6, 300 for 3/3.

The English Grains Co., Ltd., Burton-on-Trent.

After every meal CLARNICO MITCHAM MINTS PER 3d OZ.

No increase in price

OVS-175

OXYDOL'S LIVELY LATHER GIVES MORE WASHING PER COUPON!

Saves clothes coupons, too!

Stop worrying about the soap rationing! Change to Oxydol today and find out how Oxydol's lively lather *goes farther* . . . thick, rich, billowing heaps of it! Then, as soon as you see that lather, you just *know* you're going to get far more washing done with Oxydol than you ever got with ordinary suds. It's a fact: Oxydol does up to twice as much washing for every coupon! Another thing: Oxydol—the safe, granulated soap — saves your clothes coupons, too! Oxydol makes clothes sparkling clean with *absolute safety*. Oxydol cuts down 'washtub wear and tear,' because with Oxydol, you don't have to punish clothes to get them clean. Start making this double coupon saving by getting Oxydol *today!*

A CLASS 1 PRODUCT

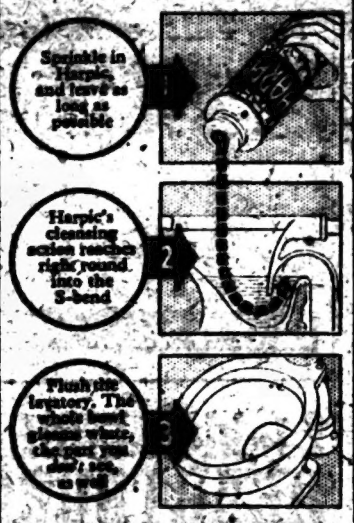
3½d. size - 1 coupon

7d. size - 2 coupons

At your shop.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY, LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

HARPIC cleans the lavatory easily


Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, the part you don't see as well

Crowded homes—less time for housework—now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory *and leave as long as possible* (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

* * *

Nothing equals Harpic. Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough cleansing action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole of the pan. Get some today!

HALIFAX BUILDING SOCIETY

Stronger than ever

Extracts from the 89th Annual Report to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting at Halifax on Monday, April 13th, 1942.

MORTGAGE ASSETS	£94,394,168
LIQUID ASSETS	
IN TRUSTEE SECURITIES	£23,158,771
CASH AT BANKS AND IN HAND	£6,680,551
TOTAL ASSETS	£124,922,733
SHARE AND DEPOSIT FUNDS	£118,209,665
RESERVE FUNDS AND UNDIVIDED PROFIT	£6,024,369

COPY OF BALANCE SHEET MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION

GENERAL MANAGERS

DAVID W. SMITH, F.C.I.S. F. E. WARBRICK HOWELL, LL.D.

HEAD OFFICES - HALIFAX

LONDON DISTRICT OFFICE—HALIFAX HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.2

CITY OFFICE—62, MOORGATE, E.C.2

BIRMINGHAM - 3 & 4, Colmore Row
BELFAST - 14, Donegall Square West
EDINBURGH - 4 & 5, George Street
GLASGOW - 230, St. Vincent Street
LEEDS - 32, Commercial Street
LIVERPOOL - 37, Dale Street
MANCHESTER - 230, Deansgate
SHEFFIELD - 49-55, Surrey Street

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

LARGEST IN THE WORLD

IRON

as a Munition of Health

By a Doctor of Science

Although iron is only one in 25,000 parts of the body weight, a constant supply of this mineral is vital to our health and vigour. Iron is an essential constituent of the red colouring material of the blood, haemoglobin, which is again essential to the proper development of red blood corpuscles.

Insufficient iron (*iron-starvation*) results in too little haemoglobin and an inadequate number of red corpuscles. Not only does the blood itself become poor (anaemia), but it is unable to convey sufficient oxygen to the body cells.

The effects of *iron-starvation* soon make themselves felt. We lack energy and tire easily. We become depressed and listless.

Appetite begins to fail, digestion is difficult. The skin becomes pale, particularly at the lips, finger nails and inside the eyelids. Hair becomes dull and lifeless. Eyes lose their sparkle.

There are other effects of *iron-starvation*. For instance, iron contributes to disease-resistance and deficiency of iron therefore lowers resistance to disease.

Under conditions of stress, body chemistry makes increasingly exacting demands upon the blood, and our need of iron becomes still more urgent. This is true, for example, of illness, of motherhood, of nervous excitement and strain.

It is therefore advisable to safeguard the iron reserves of the inner man by regular courses of a reliable iron tonic.

Such a tonic is IRON 'JELLOIDS,' which has been thoroughly tested by the medical profession and which provides medicinal iron in a form in which it is always fresh, is convenient to take, and readily assimilated.

There are few who will not benefit from a periodical course of IRON 'JELLOIDS'—say a four to six weeks' course twice or thrice a year. IRON 'JELLOIDS' cannot injure or discolour the teeth and they improve digestion.

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN No 2 For MEN No. 2A (containing quinine)

make you feel better every day, in every way

Of all chemists and stores: 1/4 (including Purchase Tax)

Send postcard for FREE BOOK entitled "Iron-starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Some headings are: The Vital Importance of Iron—Iron-starvation, Woman's Worst Enemy—How Young Girls Suffer—The Danger to Expectant Mothers—Iron Better than any Beauty Treatment — The Iron-starved Man — The Iron-starved Child — Etc. Address your postcard to The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., (Dept. JB21), Wat[illegible]

The word 'Jelloids' is a regd. trade mark

Save fuel

COAL · COKE · ELECTRICITY

GAS · FUEL OIL · PARAFFIN

for the factories

Don't break up [illegible] lumps—banked [illegible] they make a lastin[illegible] economical fire. Put [illegible] at the sides and [illegible]rate.

[illegible]d by the Mines Department

Do you feel a filmy coating when you run the tip of your tongue over your teeth? If you do, you need Irium — the new super-cleanser exclusive to Pepsodent. The Irium in Pepsodent flushes film away and keeps it away by polishing teeth so shiny-smooth that film slides off. Change to Pepsodent today and see the brilliant change that comes over your teeth when dingy, stain-collecting film disappears for good.

7½d. 1/1 2/3 Including Tax

PEPSODENT

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